THE TROUBLE WITH SOFT POWER
JIM HOAGLAND

WHO'S TO BLAME FOR ABU GHRAIB
PETER BEINART, THE EDITORS

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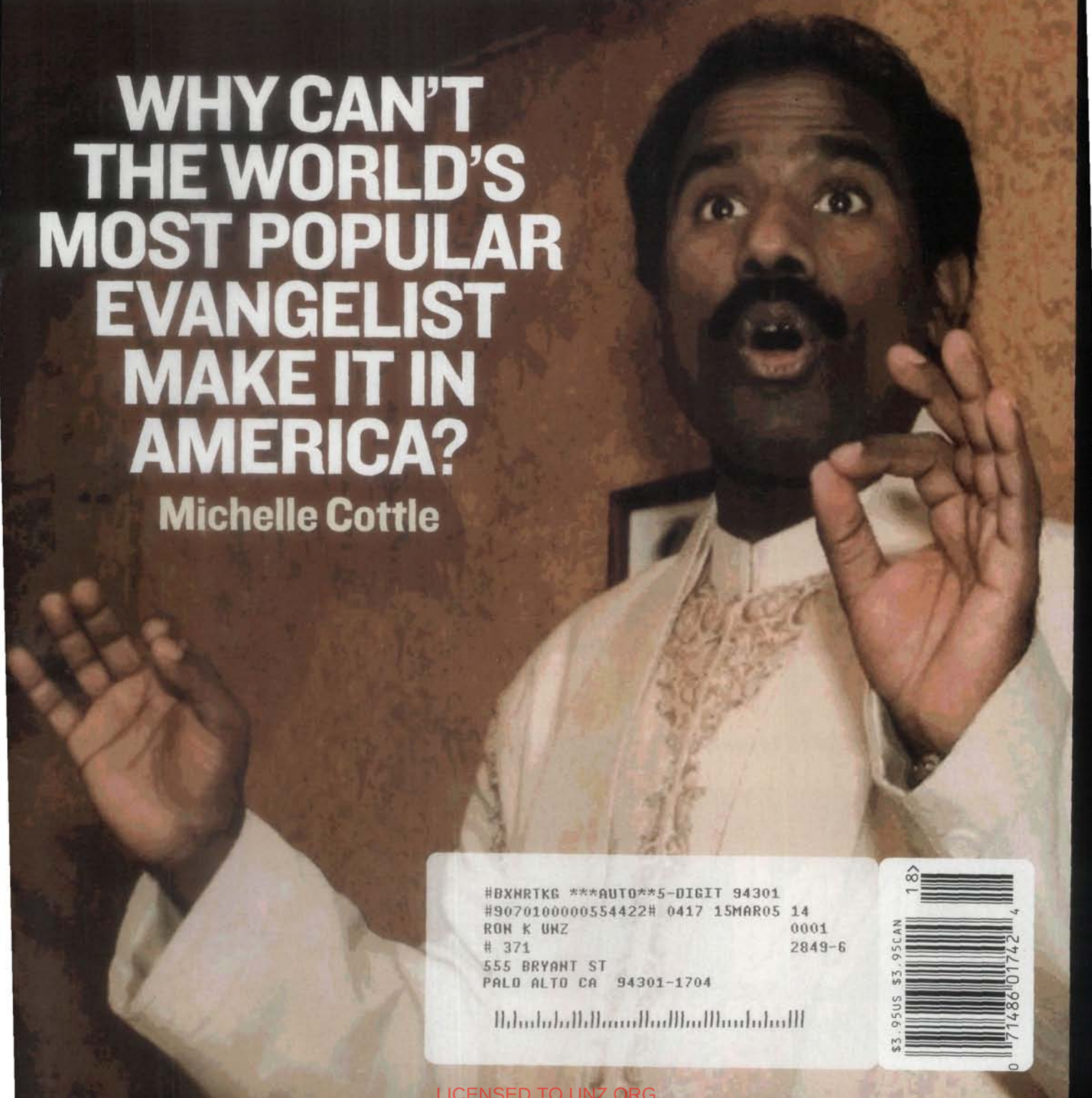
Michelle Cottle



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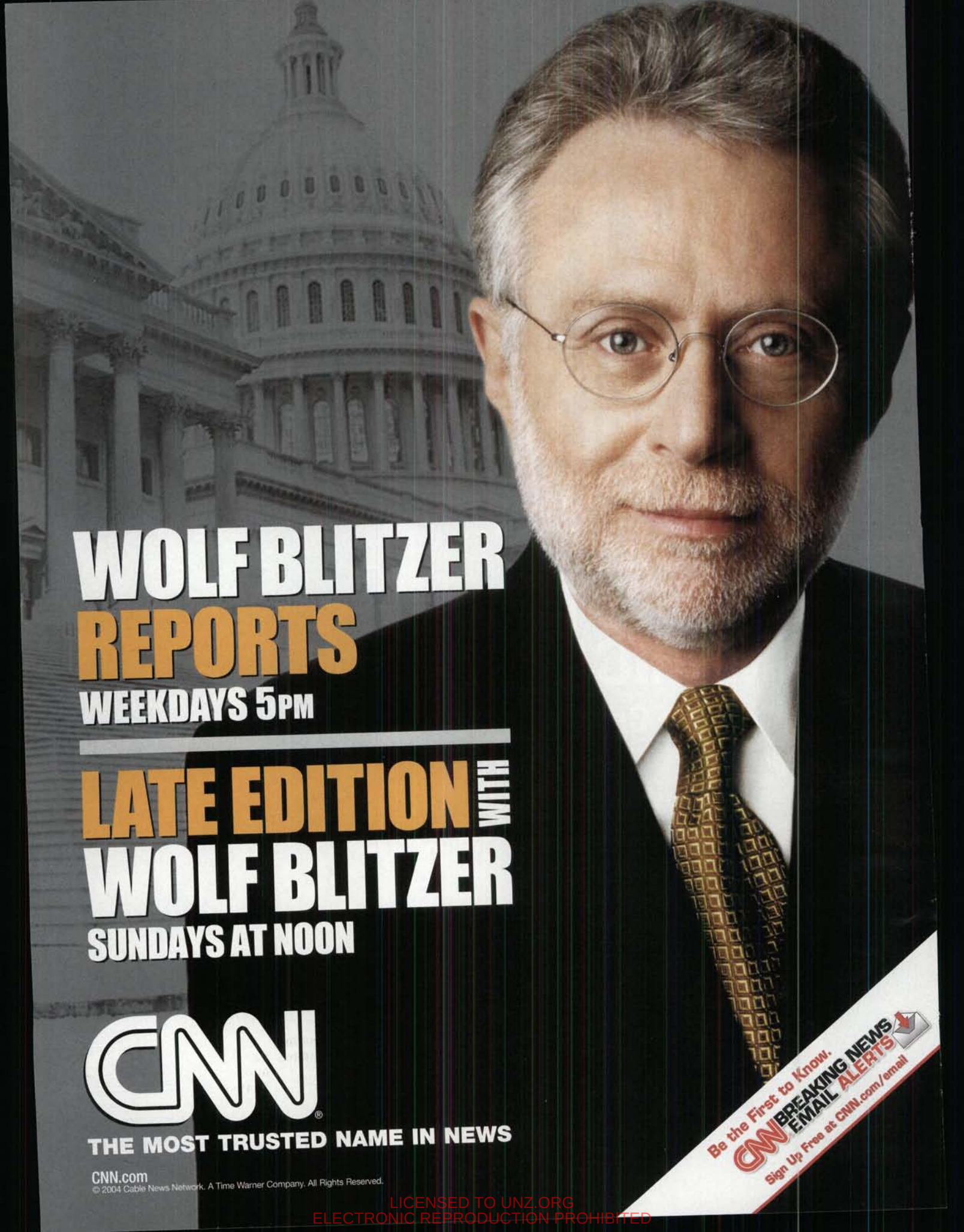


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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE ARTS

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## PROLIFERATED

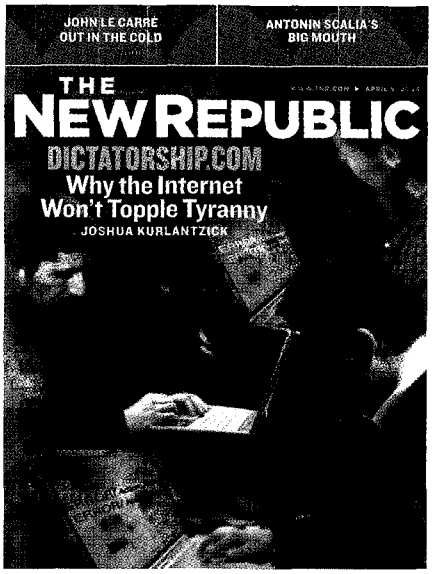
JOSHUA KURLANTZICK GREATLY OVERestimates the efficacy of censorship technology ("Dictatorship.com," April 5). I read his essay from an Internet café near my home in Burma, a country Kurlantzick refers to as "one of the most repressive nations on earth." The Internet censors didn't catch Kurlantzick's criticism of the regime; nor do they shield Burmese eyes from much criticism by the Western press. The censorship process is sloppy and inefficient, and, despite the junta's efforts to stem the flow of offending sites, huge stores of political dissent are only a Google search away. In a country where, just a few years ago, the vast majority of people had never seen an uncensored news source, the Internet has introduced news from every political angle imaginable. While Kurlantzick is right to dispel the myth that the Internet is immediately destabilizing to repressive regimes, the long-term effects of connectivity on information-starved peoples should not be so quickly dismissed.

**KERRY HOWLEY**
***Rangoon, Burma***

## MISJUDGED

IN "QUIET PLEASE," Jeffrey Rosen writes, "in a self-congratulatory diary on *Slate.com* two years ago, [Richard A.] Posner provided such a smug account of his diligent work habits and his pragmatic approach to judging that he seemed to vindicate the wildest fears of critics who accuse him of measuring the law purely by its practical consequences" (April 5). The relation between diligence, or for that matter smugness, on the one hand and "measuring the law purely by its practical consequences" on the other, is obscure. What I said about pragmatic adjudication in the *Slate* diary is the following, and I stand by it: "Applied to law, it asks judges to weigh consequences rather than to steer by abstractions such as 'property,' 'liberty,' 'rights,' 'justice,' 'fairness,' and 'equality.' The judge who thinks he can reason his way to what is 'just' and 'fair,' a self-appointed moral virtuoso, is unlikely to think seriously about the practical consequences of his decisions. May we be spared those judges, as well as the ones who shirk responsibility for their decisions by imagining themselves a mere transmission belt for conclusions reached hundreds of years ago by the all-knowing framers of the Constitution. The judge is a *responsible* official, not an oracle; and his responsibility is to use the resources of text, history, and precedent to help him reach practical results that are responsive to the needs of the present day." I would be surprised if Rosen disagreed. The entire *Slate* diary can be found at *http://slate.msn.com/?id=2060621&entry=2060676*.

**RICHARD A. POSNER**
***Chicago, Illinois***




## IT'S YOUR PARTY

PETER BEINART REFERS, IN DISCUSSing lack of GOP support among African Americans, to the Republican Party's "past opposition to civil rights" ("Wedded," April 5). What, exactly, is he talking about? If it's the GOP's relative (to the Democrats') lack of enthusiasm over the years for racial preferences (such as "affirmative action"), then TNR is also guilty of "past opposition to civil rights." If it's opposition to *real* civil rights legislation, here are the facts regarding the two central bills of the civil rights era. House Republicans voted for the 1964 Civil Rights Act by a margin of 138 to 34 (80 percent, a higher rate than among House Democrats, 61 percent); Senate Republicans voted for it by a margin of 27 to six (82 percent, again, a higher rate than their Democratic counterparts, 69 percent). As for the 1965 Voting Rights Act, House Republicans voted in its favor by a margin of 111 to 20 (85 percent, versus 80 percent for House Democrats) and Senate Republicans by a margin of 30 to one (97 percent, compared with 74 percent for Senate Democrats).

**ROGER CLEGG**
***General Counsel***
***Center for Equal Opportunity***
***Sterling, Virginia***

**PETER BEINART RESPONDS:**
Does Roger Clegg really need to be reminded that the Civil Rights and Voting Rights acts were passed before the Republican Party rose to dominance in the South? And that the GOP's rise was fueled, in part, by hostility to civil rights? Let me offer a few examples. In 1982, President Reagan reversed an IRS policy denying tax benefits to universities that discriminate based on race. In 1983, Republicans made up the vast majority of congressional opponents of a federal holiday for Martin Luther King Jr. In 1986, Republicans made up the vast majority of congressional opponents of sanctions against South Africa. In 1990, congressional Republicans overwhelmingly opposed legislation allowing defendants to contest death sentences as racially biased. And, in 1997, House Republicans voted overwhelmingly against allowing the Census Bureau to use sampling, despite clear evidence that traditional methods undercount African Americans. As Emory University's Merle Black, perhaps the leading scholar of Southern politics, told *The Wall Street Journal* in 2002, racial polarization "is no longer the engine that drives Republican growth." But "it's already baked into the cake." ■

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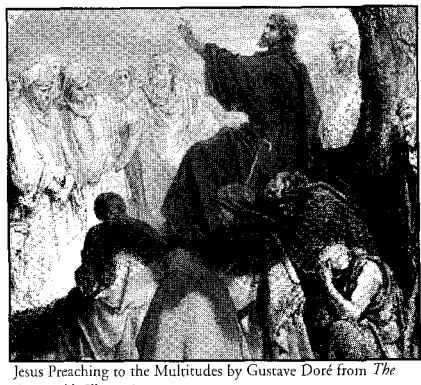

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# You're Fired

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

AMERICANS REMAIN DIVIDED about the war in Iraq. And they remain divided about President Bush. But surely people of goodwill from both sides of the great red-blue, hawk-dove divide can put aside their differences and agree on at least one thing: Donald Rumsfeld needs a new job.

Start with his response to last week's torture revelations at Abu Ghraib prison. President Bush, mindful of the p.r. catastrophe unfolding around him, quickly denounced the abuses. To illustrate Bush's outrage, White House Press Secretary Scott McClellan noted on Monday that the president had called Rumsfeld to demand action against the soldiers responsible for "these shameful and appalling acts." And how did Rumsfeld show his indignation? When asked the same day about Army Major General Antonio Taguba's now-famous report on Abu Ghraib, Pentagon spokesman Lawrence DiRita said Rumsfeld hadn't read it. An accusation against a few troops, DiRita explained, "isn't necessarily something" Rumsfeld and other top Pentagon brass "would get involved with." When Rumsfeld himself took the podium the following day, he said the guards' behavior at Abu Ghraib went "against everything that they're taught." That only proved he hadn't read the Taguba report, which says the military police (MPs) at Abu Ghraib were doing just what the intelligence officers running the prison told them to. As Brigadier General Janis Karpinski, the woman ostensibly in charge of Iraq's prisons, told "Good Morning America," "the MPs were given instructions [by military intelligence] on what they needed to do, and those instructions started to be very effective."

But Rumsfeld's reaction to Abu Ghraib pales next to his responsibility for it. Consider the conditions at the prison: It didn't have enough guards, the guards it did have were poorly trained, and they were demoralized by repeated extensions of their tours of duty. Sound familiar? America's failure at Abu Ghraib—like its failure to secure Iraq's borders, stop postwar looting, and provide the security necessary for reconstruction—all stemmed, in part, from too few troops on the ground. And the United States had too few troops on the ground, in large part, because of Rumsfeld's determination to use Iraq as a showcase for the lean, high-tech U.S. military of tomorrow. In particular, the United States was woefully short of the specialized, noncombat troops you need to occupy and rebuild a country after a war—like prison guards. Yet, Rumsfeld never made training such troops a priority—in part, because he believed a grateful, compliant Iraq wouldn't need much nation-building. And, in part, because he considered such work unmanly and morale-sapping—better left to the wimpy pseudo-armies of Western Europe. (The ones that have largely stayed out of Iraq.) So Rumsfeld famously dismissed General Eric Shinseki's suggestion that the occupation might require "several hundred thousand" troops, and tried to shut down the Army War College's peacekeeping institute in the run-up to the largest peacekeeping operation in U.S. history. Of the many disasters that followed, one was Abu Ghraib.

The soldiers assigned to Abu Ghraib hailed from the 372nd Military Police Company, based in Cumberland, Maryland. Arriving in Iraq in May 2003, they performed routine police functions, including directing traffic. They expected to return home quickly, which wasn't surprising given that the Pentagon's initial, wildly naïve deployment plans called for U.S. troop levels to drop from 130,000 to roughly 30,000 by the fall. Instead, as *The New Yorker*'s Seymour M. Hersh has reported, in October they were sent to guard the prisoners at Abu Ghraib. In December, they learned their tour had been extended, and, in April, they learned it had been extended again.

As Taguba would later detail, Abu Ghraib and another prison, Camp Bucca, were "significantly over their intended maximum capacity." The guard unit, by contrast, was "undermanned." By the end of his time at Abu Ghraib, Army Reserve Staff Sergeant Chip Frederick told "60 Minutes II," "There was only five soldiers, plus two noncommissioned officers, in charge for those 900—over 900 inmates."

And the few troops who did guard Abu Ghraib were, in Taguba's words, "poorly prepared and untrained." Most were reservists and had never received the prisoner-of-war training given to active-duty troops. Two members of the 372nd were prison guards in civilian life and were therefore put in charge. But most had no experience guarding prisoners at all. According to his father, Specialist Jeremy Sivits "never had any military police training"; the Army had trained him as a mechanic. Specialist Sabrina Harman's father said she was sent to Iraq straight from boot camp. Before that, she was an assistant manager at a pizza place.

Abu Ghraib was a dangerous place. According to Taguba, "There were numerous mortar attacks, random rifle and [rocket-propelled grenade] attacks, and a serious threat to soldiers and detainees in the facility." But, despite that, according to Frederick, "we had no support, no training whatsoever. And I kept asking my chain of command for certain things ... like rules and regulations. And it just wasn't happening." According to Taguba, "Few, if any, copies of the Geneva Conventions were ever made available to MP personnel."

Up Frederick's chain of command was Karpinski. According to Hersh, she had never run a prison system before. And it showed. Under pressure to learn about the Iraqi insurgency, intelligence personnel essentially took over Abu Ghraib's Cellblock 1A. They told guards to "soften up" (i.e., terrify) inmates so they would be easier to interrogate. And they told Karpinski—the nominal head of Iraq's prison system—not to visit the cellblock. Cellblock 1A, she told "Good Morning America," was "not run by my command."

Obviously, Rumsfeld disapproves of torture. He also disapproves of the street-level anarchy that has empowered fundamentalist militias, stopped reconstruction in its tracks, and turned Iraqis against the United States. But both are the result of his refusal either to send the American troops necessary to win the peace in Iraq or to get those troops from somewhere else. This, despite the loud prewar warnings from nation-building experts—both inside and outside the military—that he was placing ideology above experience. Some might ask whether America can afford to change defense secretaries in a time of war. But there's a more important question: Can America win this war with the defense secretary it has now?

PETER BEINART

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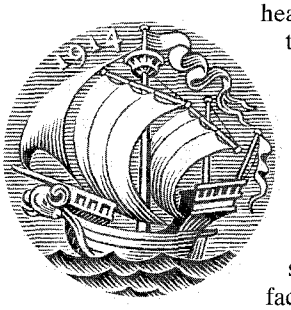
# Open Secrets

**AS THE IMAGES OF smiling U.S. military police (MPs) torturing Iraqis at Abu Ghraib prison circulated this week, General Mark Kimmitt, the coalition military spokesman, assured reporters that the military is on the case and is allowing the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) to hold "frequent visits with our detention personnel." Above all, he emphasized, only a "small minority of the hundreds and hundreds of guards"** were responsible for the abuse.

Unfortunately, that last may not be true. The Army disclosed this week that it has probed 35 cases of possible prison abuse in Iraq and Afghanistan since December 2002, and the worst abuses at Abu Ghraib came after General Geoffrey D. Miller recommended changes to the handling of Iraqi prisoners last summer. Given that Miller had been head of detentions and interrogations at Guantanamo Bay, one must wonder about the treatment of prisoners there. We have little time to determine how big the problem is and to mitigate the damage from it: Iraqis are already comparing the United States to Saddam Hussein, and Abu Ghraib has crystallized international anger at suspected human rights abuses in U.S. detention centers worldwide. But, amid the fury, there is an obvious way for the United States to clear its name: Throw open the prison doors—in Iraq, in Afghanistan, and in Guantanamo Bay—to independent investigators.

The records of both the U.S. military and the ICRC inspire little confidence that they can handle this investigation. Central Command began investigating the abuses at Abu Ghraib in January, but the inquiry focused only on the conduct of MPs—not on military intelligence officials, even though the prison doubles as an interrogation center. Sure enough, as Seymour M. Hersh reported in *The New Yorker*, Army Major General Antonio Taguba concluded in late February that the "systemic" torture at the prison took place because intelligence agents "actively requested that MP guards" perform it. Yet, it wasn't until April 23—two months later—that an inquiry began into interrogation practices in Iraq. And, incredibly, military intelligence personnel at Abu Ghraib haven't even been reassigned from the prison, let alone relieved of duty.

Nor has the ICRC been able to prevent or deter the torture, which occurred despite roughly ten ICRC visits to Abu Ghraib in the past year. Indeed, the ICRC won't say whether or not it knew of the abuse: It keeps its reports "confidential so as to prevent humanitarian issues from becoming politicized." That reluctance to go public has only been reinforced by the ICRC's fear that it might forfeit its access to prisoners if it criticizes the United States. (Not surprisingly, the ICRC is the only outside entity permitted in U.S. detention centers around the world.)



Other human rights groups have been more forceful. Since July 2003, Amnesty International has reported accusations of mistreatment from former Iraqi detainees, ranging from sleep deprivation to prolonged restraint in uncomfortable positions to severe beatings. Two weeks ago, Human Rights Watch denounced the United States for "fail[ing] to provide clear or consistent information" about the treatment of its approximately 10,000 Iraqi prisoners. But, as neither group has received access to Iraqi detainees, charges of abuse remain unconfirmed.

The same secrecy the military imposes in Iraq pervades its operations in Afghanistan and Guantanamo Bay. In December 2002, two prisoners at the Bagram Air Base in Afghanistan died of "blunt force injuries" that were ruled as "homicides." The abuse occurred despite what an ICRC spokesperson describes as "regular" visits to Bagram; the military has released no further information about the deaths. Human Rights Watch has received reports of "beatings, severe sleep deprivation, and exposure of detainees to extreme cold" at Bagram. In Guantanamo, rumors of abuse have again gone unconfirmed, but, in October 2003, the ICRC found conditions so deplorable (21 out of the 600-plus inmates had attempted suicide) that it issued a rare public condemnation over "a worrying deterioration in the psychological health of a large number of the internees."

Already, administration officials are scrambling to condemn the Abu Ghraib abuses on Arab television. But the furor is unlikely to subside unless the world can see inside U.S. detention facilities for itself. The United States should ask human rights watchdog groups to convene a team of monitors—including experts from Arab and Muslim countries—to conduct a fact-finding mission. Only by dispelling the secrecy surrounding these prisons can we clear the atmosphere of impunity that fueled these abuses and begin to rebuild our humanitarian reputation. Let's hope it's not too late. ■

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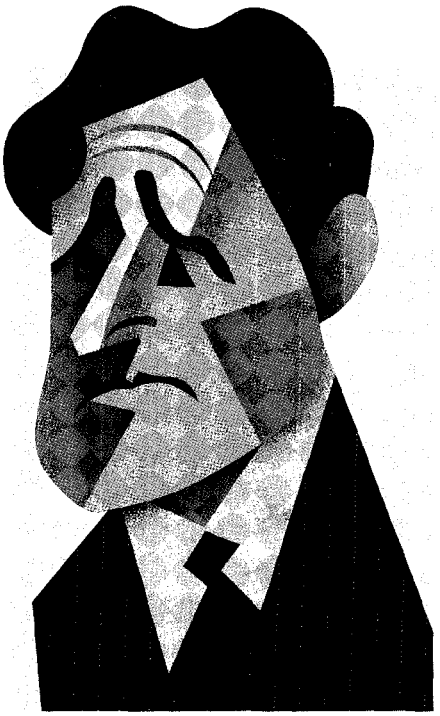
# NOTEBOOK

## BREMER BLAMES HIMSELF . . . KERRY BLAMES SOMEONE ELSE

### REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

IN GEORGE W. BUSH'S WASHINGTON, few spectacles are as amusing as watching Republican dissidents issue preposterous forced apologies. We first witnessed this phenomenon in December of 2002, when former White House aide John DiIulio trashed the Bushies' policy shop to *Esquire* magazine's Ron Suskind—then retracted his criticism in a self-flagellating statement ("My criticisms were groundless and baseless. . . . I sincerely apologize, and I am deeply remorseful") that read like it had been written by Ari Fleischer. Since then, there have been others. Former Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill tried to downplay his nasty description of President Bush as a "blind man in a room full of deaf people," telling NBC, "I used some vivid language that, if I could take it back, I'd take that back." And, on Capitol Hill recently, GOP Representative Nick Smith first accused Republican leaders of offering him a bribe in exchange for his vote on the Medicare bill and then denied that such a thing had ever occurred.

Now comes L. Paul Bremer, currently administrator of the Iraq occupation but previously a senior counterterrorism official in the Reagan administration. Last week, the Associated Press revealed that Bremer delivered a speech in February 2001 saying some awfully damning things about the Bush administration's approach to terrorism. "In this area, the federal government is in complete disarray," said Bremer, who, as the recent chairman of the National Commission on Terrorism (NCT), knew whereof he spoke. "The new administration seems to be paying no attention to the problem of terrorism. What they will do is stagger along until there's a major incident and then suddenly say, 'Oh my God, shouldn't we be organized to deal with this?' That's too bad. They've been given a window of opportunity with very little terrorism now, and they're not taking advantage of it."



*L. Paul Bremer*

Bremer was, of course, admirably prescient and entirely right. But anyone who has been around Washington for the past few years could almost hear a clock begin ticking from the moment the AP story moved on the wire, counting down the time until Bremer found some way to explain why he didn't mean what he obviously said and why our Dear Leader in the White House remains infallible and above reproach. Sure enough, within 72 hours Bremer had issued a statement to that effect, all the way from Baghdad. It turns out Bremer's remarks simply reflected his "frustration" that none of the NCT's recommendations had been implemented. "Criticism of the new administration, however, was unfair," Bremer groveled. "President Bush had just been sworn into office and could not reasonably be held responsible for the federal government's inaction over the proceeding seven months. I regret any suggestion to the contrary. In fact, I have since learned that President Bush had shared some of these frustrations and had initiated a more direct and comprehensive approach to confronting terrorism consistent with the threats outlined in the National Commission report."

We'd be inclined to laugh at Bremer's pathetic reversal. But it occurs to us that Bremer may be applying the same standard of candor to his current assessments of U.S. policy in Iraq, which would be no laughing matter.

### TO THE WOLVES

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH *THE WALL STREET JOURNAL* this week, John Kerry backed off his repeated denunciation of "Benedict Arnold companies" by explaining, "[T]he Benedict Arnold line applied, you know, I called a couple of times to overzealous speechwriters and said, 'Look, that's not what I'm saying.' Benedict Arnold does not refer to somebody who, in the normal course of business, is going to go overseas and take jobs overseas. That happens. I support that. . . . I was referring to the people who take advantage of noneconomic transactions purely for tax purposes—sham transactions—and give up American citizenship. That's a Benedict Arnold." Of course, as Mickey Kaus notes on his blog, *Kausfiles.com*, Kerry's Benedict Arnold line referred precisely to companies that, in the normal course of business, take jobs overseas (which is why Kerry said things like, "George Bush continues to fight for incentives to encourage Benedict Arnold companies to ship jobs overseas" and "I want to repeal every tax break and loophole that rewards any Benedict Arnold CEO or corporation for shipping American jobs overseas").

Even more troubling than Kerry's dissembling was his willingness to fob the line off on his speechwriters. This isn't the first time Kerry has hung his

DAVID COWLES

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staff out to dry. Last August, in an appearance on NBC's "Meet the Press," Tim Russert asked Kerry about his campaign manager Jim Jordan's characterization of Howard Dean as a "a very crafty, very calculating politician." Kerry replied by publicly scolding Jordan for the remark, saying, "I wish my campaign were not making characterizations of people publicly, and I don't like that." But, a few weeks later, Kerry himself was blasting Dean in much harsher terms. And, as Lawrence F. Kaplan reported in these pages ("Hebrew Lessons," May 10), Kerry recently said at a private meeting with Jewish leaders that his proposal to name Jimmy Carter and James Baker as Middle East envoys—which he made in a speech to the Council on Foreign Relations last December and which was immediately denounced by several American Jewish organizations—had been mistakenly inserted into the speech by aides. Alas, that explanation didn't make much sense, since, in the Council on Foreign Relations speech, Kerry said that he himself had already had a conversation with Carter about taking the job.

It all reminds us of the famous parody memo ABC News' "The Note" produced last year after Jordan was fired as campaign manager. In the memo, Jordan offers his replacement, Mary Beth Cahill, this warning: "At the slightest provocation, particularly during live television interviews, The Candidate will throw the staff under the bus." It's funny because it's true.

## OUR MAN IN RIYADH

"I AM NINETY-FIVE PERCENT SURE that Zionism is behind the attacks, for I believe that [Zionists] play in the minds of those who are committing the attacks."—Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah, responding to the May 1 terrorist attack on the offices of a Western oil contractor in Yanbu, Saudi Arabia, which killed six people, including two Americans. ■

# TNR.commentary

## IRAQ'D

SPENCER ACKERMAN

**NOT TOO SORRY:** No apology? Apparently, President Bush doesn't understand the damage that the revelations of torture at Abu Ghraib prison are going to do to U.S. national interests. Look at what he said in a ten-minute interview with Al Hurra on May 5:

> People in Iraq must understand that I view those practices as abhorrent. They must also understand that what took place in that prison does not represent the America that I know.

They "must understand"? Why? Because President Bush, reviled in the Arab world, says so? What we need to do is to *demonstrate* that these "practices"—you know, torture—are abhorrent, by opening up all our detention facilities around the world to international human rights inspection (see "Open Secrets," page 7). Every day, agonizing stories emerge about abuse suffered by Iraqis at the hands of U.S. forces. But there's no sign that the administration will allow anyone other than the military to investigate. Bush even ducked a question about whether human rights monitors will be allowed into the prisons, saying only, "Of course, we'll cooperate with the International Red Cross"—which we already do and which hasn't prevented the abuse.

Bush's non-apology comes across as the work of someone who doesn't understand the difference between the way he *wants* to be viewed and the way he *actually is* viewed. Look at the TV networks he appeared on. True, Al Arabiya has some credibility in the Arab world, but the U.S.-sponsored, Virginia-based Al Hurra? As *Slate.com* has reported, it doesn't exactly enjoy a glowing reputation. Lebanon's *The Daily Star* greeted Al Hurra's arrival by asking, "Why do they keep insulting us like this?" A Syrian paper, with typical sangfroid, called the station "part of a project to recolonize the Arab homeland." As the AP's Terence Hunt succinctly put it, "Al-Hurra is generally viewed in the region as propaganda."

Maybe if Bush appeared on Al Jazeera it might have some effect—especially if he said, clearly and honestly, that, on behalf of the United States, he is deeply sorry for the torture and humiliation we have inflicted on Iraqis. But, far more compelling than words, as Sami Baroudi of the Lebanese American University in Beirut observed after the broadcasts, are actions. "What will sway people is if they see real punishment, being more than reprimands. How the United States is going to deal with the perpetrators of those acts. That may be more effective than a speech by Bush." Especially this speech.

## &c.

NOAM SCHEIBER

**MACRO CONFUSION:** The May 3 *Wall Street Journal* serves up a genuinely fair portrait of John Kerry's economic worldview. But this line struck me as a little odd: "To be sure, a President Kerry would be more willing than President Bush to intervene in the marketplace—and in some cases more willing than Mr. Clinton was." The authors say that as if Bush—who brought us steel tariffs, a porcine multiyear farm bill, and a Medicare "reform" bill that doubles as a windfall to pharmaceutical companies—is some kind of principled economic libertarian. But it's not clear to me that the Bush administration is less interventionist than a Kerry administration would be. And it's certainly not clear that Bush is less interventionist than Clinton was. This strikes me as a pretty blatant confusion of pro-business pandering with free-market economics. The two are, needless to say, not the same thing.

**SHUT YOUR YAP:** Former Fed Governor Laurence Meyer has a new book coming out that argues that Fed chairmen—and Alan Greenspan in particular—should keep their mouths shut about fiscal policy. As I've argued before, there's a rough consensus among economists that a relatively small government is better than a much larger government and that balancing budgets over the long term is better than running long-term deficits. But, within those broad parameters, the debate over whether government should be, say, 20 percent of the economy or 22 percent of the economy is primarily a political question, not an economic one. Problem is, Greenspan has a habit of wrapping his own personal political views—which, as Fed chairman, he is *not* paid to offer—in the language of economics, and this makes them enormously influential in Washington. One could argue, for example, that Greenspan's imprimatur gave the 2001 Bush tax cut the momentum it needed to pass a skeptical Senate. That in mind, I think the fiscal policy-making process would be slightly more functional if an administration bent on slashing taxes had to make the argument on its merits, rather than simply appealing to Greenspan's political predilections.

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# Campaign Journal
# Shook Up

BY RYAN LIZZA

LAST WEEK MARKED a milestone in the Kerry campaign. Andrei Cherny, the gifted 28-year-old who had been John Kerry's director of speechwriting since February 2003, left for a communications job at the Democratic National Committee (DNC). For gossipy Democrats who obsessively follow the internal staff intrigue of Team Kerry, Cherny's exit was fraught with meaning. He was one of the last Kerry aides from the era of campaign manager Jim Jordan. Jordan was fired in November, and, since his departure, his replacement, Mary Beth Cahill, and her allies have been slowly replacing his hires. Kerry's spokesman, Robert Gibbs, quit soon after Jordan left, and, a few weeks ago, ad-maker Jim Margolis was forced out after a spat over money. Last week, Cherny departed for his new gig at the DNC. The only senior adviser left from the old Jordan era is pollster Mark Mellman. Democrats grimly joke about how long he will last.

As the old Jordan aides have trickled out, the Kerry campaign has brought on dozens of new people since the primaries ended. And Democrats inside and outside the campaign have been watching Kerry's and Cahill's every move, scrutinizing the new names and keeping track of which constituencies are being rewarded and which punished. As Kerry has struggled over the last month, the changes have offered many Democrats a handy explanation for the candidate's stumbles on the campaign trail: It's his staff. Conversations with more than a dozen Democrats from the lowest to the highest levels inside the Kerry campaign, and several more outside the campaign, reveal a lot of praise—mostly for Kerry's policy staff—but also lots of sniping and complaints about the personnel moves Kerry has made over the last two months. Across the party, the criticisms generally fall into one of four categories.

### The Cahill Cabal

THE MOST PERSISTENT critique from Democrats is that Cahill, who is in charge of building Kerry's staff, is hiring aides from an extremely narrow circle of her friends, former colleagues, and even relatives. Inside the Kerry campaign, Cahill's penchant for bringing on only those she knows is jokingly referred to as the "friends and family plan." Several of the campaign's new power centers are populated with old Cahill allies. This clique is often described as the Ted Kennedy faction of the campaign, because Cahill was once his chief of staff. But that's a misnomer. Many of the aides lumped into the friends and family plan have nothing to do with Kennedy. Deputy campaign manager Steve Elmendorf, a former senior Richard Gephardt aide who was given a broad portfolio last January, is an old friend of Cahill. Miles Lackey, John Edwards's chief of staff, was recently hired as deputy campaign manager for policy and speechwriting. He's also an old FOC. Stephanie Cutter, the brassy and turf-conscious communications director who rules over a growing message fiefdom, is a longtime Cahill protégé.

Other Cahill people are sprinkled through lower rungs of the campaign. Josh Gottheimer, a talented young speechwriter who was recently hired, knows Cahill from the Clinton White House. Some Democrats are whispering about the fact that Cahill's sister and brother-in-law, Ann and David Castagnetti, are now on the Kerry payroll. David, a former Hill aide and lobbyist, is in charge of congressional outreach, while Ann works on staffing for Kerry's future running mate. Democrats don't question the credentials of Cahill's friends, but some complain that she's limited by her personal Rolodex. A Cahill friend who speaks to her regularly echoes a criticism heard from other Democrats: "Here's Mary Beth's thing in a nutshell: She's never done this before, so her inner circle is so small. She's not comfortable reaching out." Cahill isn't afraid to clip the wings of advisers outside that circle. According to a Democratic strategist close to her, after the Iowa caucuses, Cahill reduced the role of über-operative Michael Whouley because she felt his part in the victory had been exaggerated in the press. "He's been sidelined because Mary Beth thought, after Iowa, he got way too much credit," says this person.

### Shrummy

THE NET EFFECT of several of the staff changes since the primaries has been to vastly increase the influence of Bob Shrum, Kerry's ad-maker, message guru, and strategist. He has more say over what comes out of Kerry's mouth on a daily basis than any other adviser. With Margolis gone, he no longer has to split ad-making duties—or the enormous commissions—with a rival consulting firm. With Cherny gone, he no longer has a senior staffer to compete with when crafting Kerry's message.

Shrum has critics and enemies within almost every faction of the party. Some of the criticism is right, some wrong. Shrum is often lumped in with the Cahill clique as part of the Kennedy axis because Kennedy is one of his best friends. But he is not as close to Cahill as press reports suggest. He actually represents a discreet power center whose main interest is unimpeded access to the candidate, which he now has. The major early complaint about Shrum from Democrats was that he would push a message of economic populism on Kerry that would ring hollow. That message was present in the primaries but is absent from the three new Shrum ads Kerry is blanketing the airwaves with in a $27 million buy. The next test for how well Shrum plays with others will come if Cahill decides to bring in another media firm to share the ad-making responsibilities. At least two firms are currently being considered.

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### White Boys

Democrats—white, black, and Latino—are still buzzing about how poorly the Kerry campaign has handled the issue of including minorities in senior campaign positions. Asked by *The Washington Post* who Kerry's inner circle was, Cahill answered truthfully, ticking off the names of five white men and herself. Several black and Latino Democrats complained and were then even more offended by the campaign's defensive reaction to the criticism. Aides hurriedly released the names of a few minority staffers, but these staffers only handle outreach to minorities. The move simply underscored the original criticism. Even worse, senior aides called around to influential black Democrats and asked if their names could be used on a list of advisers to provide cover for the campaign. "They don't see the problem," says one prominent black Democrat. "This is a party that's had a black chairman, Ron Brown. In 2000, Lydia Camarillo ran the convention. Alexis Herman headed up the transition. Vernon Jordan has headed up everything under the sun. The party has had a long history since the [Jesse] Jackson years making sure this is never an issue. It's like old wounds being opened."

On the Latino side, the damage may be even worse. Amazingly, the Kerry campaign has nobody it can put on Telemundo or Univision who can speak Spanish. When Maria Cardona of the New Democratic Network, which has launched a major outreach project partly in response to the Bush team's own aggressive wooing of Latinos, was recently on Telemundo, the interview was dominated by questions about the Kerry campaign's lack of diversity. Senior Kerry aides respond to the racial sniping by pointing out that one of Kerry's deputy campaign managers is black, one Latino, and one openly gay.

### Where Are The Clintonites?

Finally, some of the nastiest sniping about the Kerry campaign comes from Clinton veterans. As they watch the campaign unfold—mostly from plumb think-tank, consulting, and lobbying gigs around Washington—some are scratching their heads about the staff Kerry is building. Kerry aides often say they are modeling their communications operation on Bill Clinton's much-praised 1992 war room, but Cutter's communications shop still comes in for Clintonite abuse. The basic criticism is that she won't peel off some of her responsibilities to other staffers. "In '92 terms," says a senior alum of that campaign, "it's like there is no [James] Carville, no [George] Stephanopoulos, and no Paul Begala. It would be like if Dee Dee [Myers] were running all communications. We had several people running our war room, et cetera. How can you be in charge of that and, at the same time, be the spokesperson?"

The culture clash between the Clintonites and the Kerryians came into relief a few weeks ago, when Howard Wolfson, Hillary Clinton's 2000 Senate campaign communications director and a principal at the Glover Park Group, a corporate p.r. firm, joined the campaign. He left after three and a half days, returning to his lucrative business in New York. Wolfson rejects the idea that there was some kind of a culture clash, but other Democrats point to his short-lived stint as evidence of the insularity of the Kerry campaign and specifically of Cutter's turf-consciousness. "I notice there is nobody over Stephanie," says an ex-colleague. "I notice that nobody they hire is a threat to her. She's very territorial."

Cutter has just added David Ginsberg to the operation. He was the communications director for Edwards's presidential campaign and will perhaps add some crackle to Kerry's message operation, which, thus far, has been getting pummeled by Bush's smooth and more sophisticated team.

Of course, many of the same criticisms being leveled at the Kerry campaign were made about the Clinton campaign at a similar point in 1992. As Bruce Reed, who was a senior policy aide to Clinton, recalls, "In 1992, we had a miserable spring. We started out in second [behind President Bush] and worked our way to third [behind Bush and Ross Perot.] ... It wasn't until the vice presidential pick and the convention that Clinton ... was able to overcome the echo chamber's doubts about him." Kerry's aides are hoping history will repeat itself. ■

## Medellín Dispatch

# Mr. Nice Guy

BY DANIEL KURTZ-PHELAN

Comandante Memín is a thick-chested 39-year-old with a crucifix hanging from a silver chain around his neck. He is a father of two and, as he describes it, a model citizen in this city overrun with violence. "I led men," he tells me, "and we did what was necessary to protect our community." He talks about "social work" and his commitment to "cultural projects." He also talks about killing rapists and shooting guerrillas—all, of course, in the name of community. "My community believes in me," Memín says.

Perverse as it may seem, Memín is probably right. His community is a ragged cluster of tin-and-cinderblock houses overlooking the city center. During the 1980s, Pablo Escobar's Medellín drug cartel controlled these streets. After Escobar was killed in 1993, Medellín was taken over by left-wing guerrillas from the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) and the National Liberation Army (ELN), both flush with cocaine money and armed to the teeth. Despite the trappings of Marxist revolution, their rule was no better than Escobar's. So, when an attack on the

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guerrillas by the Colombian military in 2001 opened the way for a new regime in town, many residents welcomed the force that, under the leadership of Memín and his allies, took their place: the Bloque Cacique Nutibara (BCN), the Medellín-based paramilitary faction, which provided a semblance of order. "There has always been tremendous support for them in the communities," said Sergio Salazar, from the Medellín mayor's office.

The BCN did its job so well that, last November, its 868 members turned in a truckload of guns and declared themselves warriors no more, the first stage in a process of demobilization of right-wing paramilitary groups gathered under the umbrella of the United Self-Defense Forces of Colombia (AUC). Over the past two years, Colombia's president, Álvaro Uribe, has won plaudits at home and abroad for cracking down on the country's violent left-wing guerrillas. But Uribe's more problematic interaction with right-wing paramilitaries has been largely ignored. Although Uribe started demobilizing right-wing groups like the BCN, he has not pressured them as hard as the left-wing guerrillas; as a result, the demobilization is now on the verge of collapse, with a cease-fire being violated left and right. Ultimately, it may send Colombia's civil war into another spiral of violence.

CARLOS CASTAÑO HAS long been one of Colombia's most famous men. He founded and led the AUC, a conglomeration of legitimate self-defense forces, extremist right-wingers, and defenders of the economic elite. Like Memín, Castaño used bloody tactics, was involved in drug-trafficking, and ordered massacres, but he also created order in war-torn areas. His strong-arm tactics held much appeal to Colombia's terrorized population. Many analysts think Castaño could easily have been elected to Colombia's Senate.

Most recently, Castaño showed a desire for peace. He led the AUC in approaching the government, declaring a cease-fire and pledging to demobilize his paramilitary forces by the end of 2005. Apparently, he saw the potential demobilization as an opportunity to go completely legitimate. And, according to the terms of the agreement signed last July, the AUC would begin to demobilize, giving up their weapons in exchange for a government amnesty. When the BCN turned in their guns in November, it was heralded by Luis Carlos Restrepo, Uribe's peace commissioner, as "a great step ... on a long road." Yet, on April 16, Castaño was attacked by many armed men and has since vanished. According to AUC sources, he was strangled by an assassin working for rival paramilitary bosses who deemed his plans to go legit a threat to their lucrative drug business. One of these more vicious bosses is an AUC commander known as Adolfo Paz. Paz rose through the ranks of Escobar's Medellín cartel but turned on Escobar as the organization was crumbling.

Paz, and other unsavory bosses, exploited the AUC's image as a noble champion of a defenseless population and a beleaguered military. Paz and others wooed the drug trade, and they have used their drug money and influence to install themselves in the AUC's central committee, to turn AUC units into, in the words of a U.N. analyst, "their private armies," and to wrest control of communities where the AUC has had a presence. According to some estimates, these paramilitary bosses now control as much as 40 percent of Colombia's drug trade.

Unfortunately, the demobilization process has primarily helped men like Paz, who are not truly interested in peace. Uribe came into office in 2002 preaching a variant of compassionate conservatism: *mano firme y corazón grande*—a strong hand and a big heart. The heavy hand was evident early on in his aggressive, and very successful, assaults on the left-wing guerrillas. The military succeeded in killing or capturing thousands of FARC members.

But Uribe has been much more selective in his confrontations with the right-wing paramilitaries, whose leaders have not hidden the fact that they consider the president "their man." Uribe's father, a wealthy farmer, died at the hands of the FARC, and, during his term in Medellín as governor of Antioquia, Uribe himself formed citizen self-defense networks, some of which later turned into AUC units. Upon his election, Uribe rushed toward a peace settlement with the paramilitaries before setting the ground rules of demobilization. Then, despite the government's sermonizing about balancing the demands of justice and the demands of reintroducing paramilitaries to society, the demobilizing process Uribe proposed gave the paramilitaries virtual immunity. It allowed AUC leaders to keep the spoils of war, and "justice" came in the form of minimal reparations. At the demobilization in Medellín, the 868 paramilitary troops in crisp camouflage brought only about 150 guns; only 18 of the 868 received any jail time. The rest went home after only three weeks. Most damningly, the government made vague promises to the paramilitaries of protection against extradition to the United States—even as Washington insisted it would not give up its extradition orders on drug-trafficking paramilitary leaders.

With little interest in demobilizing, the violent right-wing groups have not given up their arms. In fact, Colombia's congressional peace commission reports that the demobilization agreement's cease-fires have been repeatedly violated. Uribe has recently toughened his rhetoric and revised his stance on extradition, prompting a clique of paramilitary leaders to put a price of $20,000,000 on his head. But it may be too late. According to government estimates, the AUC has added some 8,000 men to its ranks since the peace process started, bringing the total to 23,000. "The paramilitaries are much stronger now than before the process started," says Senator Antonio Navarro. "They've expanded the territory under their control and grown their ranks."

What's more, the lack of real demobilization has empowered the most unsavory paramilitary leaders, leaving them free to use the cease-fire to wipe out opponents like Castaño and rebuild their forces. Rodrigo 00 (his nom de guerre), a commander who split from the AUC, described

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# PAIN MANAGEMENT IN CRISIS!

Alicia Smith took her own life on March 16 because she couldn't stand the chronic pain any longer.[1] When federal agents arrested her physician, Dr. William Hurwitz, Alicia couldn't find anyone else willing to prescribe the large dose of opiates she needed to survive.

All over the country patients with chronic pain say they are having trouble finding adequate and proper medication. This is a public health catastrophe that cries out for reform.

Because prescription medicine now ranks number two among drugs most abused by adults and young people, the federal government plans to dramatically ramp up enforcement, ostensibly going after doctors who do not follow "sound medical practice".[2] Doctors have become so gun shy that the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons now advises its doctors not to prescribe opiates at all.[3]

DEA officials deny that their campaign has a chilling effect on physicians, saying they take action in only a few hundred cases a year. But the physicians don't see it that way. "It only takes one person to get guillotined for everyone to get the message," says Robert Mills, spokesman for the AMA.[4]

When chronic pain patients become desperate, they inevitably turn to the black market for additional medication, or they are forced to "game the system" by seeking duplicate prescriptions.

***Pain management specialists should be policed by other pain management specialists – not law enforcement officers.***

The medical profession itself is part of the problem. In medical school, doctors get little if any training in pain management, so they either under-medicate or avoid chronic pain patients altogether. Patients with legitimate need for heavy medication, victims – of cancer, bone disease, botched surgery, etc. – seek out those few doctors like William Hurwitz who are willing to help. This raises a red flag for law enforcement since these doctors seem to be prescribing heavy doses for too many patients.

Congress and the medical profession must work out a solution for the millions of Americans who are living with chronic pain and cannot obtain appropriate relief. Pain management specialists should be policed by other pain management specialists – not law enforcement officers.

**www.CommonSenseDrugPolicy.org www.DrugWarFacts.org**
**Mike Gray, Chair; Robert Field, Co-Chair 717-299-0600**

1. Not her real name. 2. Office of National Drug Control Policy, 2004 Strategy Report. 3.Los Angeles Times Oct 20 03, "Painful Rift." 4. Drug Enforcement Report, Dec 23, 2003, "DEA Addresses Complaint."

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to me the strategy of his former allies as "both an end and a means. A means to achieve their objectives of immunity for them and their capital, and an end because, if they can't achieve these objectives, the process buys them time, so they continue gaining power while negotiations go on."

With the fall of Carlos Castaño and the rise of Adolfo Paz, the implications of this strategy become clear: The AUC's leaders, now indistinguishable from drug traffickers, have no interest in ending the war and could launch an intensified round of attacks against the left-wing guerrillas and other perceived enemies.

Columbia has seen this story before—a rushed, ad hoc peace process that winds up kick-starting a war. There is always a desire in Colombia to move quickly on cease-fires, since war has raged across the country on multiple fronts for decades. In 1998, then-President Andres Pastrana kicked off peace negotiations with the FARC by ceding a swath of territory the size of Switzerland, in the hopes that this would encourage moderate FARC leaders to lay down their weapons and reintegrate into society. But the move only strengthened the FARC hard-liners, who used the lull to increase the group's size, firepower, and criminality, leading to an intense wave of violence between the FARC, the government, and the right-wing paramilitaries after talks collapsed.

According to polls, public support for right-wing paramilitary demobilization remains high, and the government's peace negotiator has reaffirmed his commitment to the process. But there is a growing note of desperation in these peace overtures. In Medellín, graffiti stenciled on houses proclaims, THIS IS THE LAST WAR FOR MEDELLÍN. In the mayor's office, I heard the same sentiment expressed over and over again: "For peace, we will do anything." Unfortunately, a willingness to do anything for peace usually guarantees only that peace will not last. ■

## How to detain terrorists.

# Home Front

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

AT THE SUPREME COURT last week, the lawyers for two American citizens being indefinitely detained as enemy combatants called the government's actions an unprecedented departure from America's constitutional traditions. "We've had a war on our soil before, and never before in this nation's history has this Court granted the president a blank check to do whatever he wants to American citizens," said Jennifer Martinez, representing the alleged dirty bomber, Jose Padilla. Law professors who filed briefs in the case were even more scathing. "To accept the Government's position 'would be effecting a sea change in the constitutional life of this country, and ... would be making changes that have been unprecedented in civilized society,'" wrote Harold Koh, Louis Henkin, and Michael Posner.

In many senses, the Bush administration's actions are, indeed, unprecedented. In the past, U.S. law distinguished between lawful combatants, who were held as prisoners of war until the end of hostilities, and unlawful combatants, who were tried by military tribunals. But the administration has created a new category called "enemy combatants," who may never be tried by the military or the civilian justice system, and who may be detained indefinitely—until the end of a war on terrorism that could never end. And, while other Western democracies have imposed legislative and judicial oversight on the preventive detention of terrorism suspects, the Bush administration—arrogantly and inexplicably—has refused to acknowledge any role for Congress or the courts.

If President Bush had had the humility to ask the Republican Congress for help, it would have immediately obliged by passing a comprehensive law of preventive detention. Instead, the administration chose to compound the dangers of preventive detention by making up its procedures on the fly, inventing new legal categories in order to avoid accountability to anyone outside the executive branch.

But, if the administration's actions have no clear precedent, neither do the threats the United States now faces. Justice Department lawyers argue, plausibly, that the United States needs to devise a system of preventive detention so it can mine the intelligence value of suspects without having to provide Miranda warnings and lawyers from the moment of arrest. And administration critics, such as former Attorney General Janet Reno, are wrong to suggest, in their Supreme Court briefs, that the president should be forced to resort to the ordinary criminal justice system to try all American citizens who have gone abroad to train with Al Qaeda. In other words, we may indeed need a system of preventive detention, but we also need the legislative and judicial oversight that exists in other Western democracies.

ALTHOUGH PRESIDENT BUSH'S critics argue that he has demanded the power to pull any American citizen off the street and lock him or her up forever, the administration has defined enemy combatants more precisely, as those citizens who associate with Al Qaeda abroad and then return to the United States "bent on hostile acts." This was the definition of enemy combatants endorsed by the Supreme Court in the Quirin case of 1942. The case involved German saboteurs who arrived by U-boat on the coasts of Long Island and Florida in the hope of blowing up train stations, bridges, and other infrastructure. "Citizens who associate themselves with the military arm of the enemy government, and with its aid, guidance, and direction enter this country bent on hostile acts, are enemy bel-

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ligerents within the meaning of ... the law of war," said the Court. That definition was endorsed in an executive order issued weeks earlier by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who wanted to try the saboteurs in secret military tribunals in order to impose the death penalty quickly, without revealing to German intelligence the vulnerabilities of U.S. coastal defenses. Justice Department lawyers were unsure whether the saboteurs should be treated as combatants or civilians—only two were formally enrolled in the German army, although all wore German uniforms on landing to ensure that, if captured, they would be treated as prisoners of war.

There are obvious differences between the definition of enemy combatants the Supreme Court endorsed during World War II and the one the Bush administration is seeking to apply to citizens and aliens today. Although the World War II saboteurs buried their enemy uniforms, they admitted that they were acting on the direction of a nation against which the United States had formally declared war. But Al Qaeda is not a nation, and neither Padilla nor Yaser Hamdi, who was caught on the battlefield in Afghanistan, have admitted that they are its agents. Furthermore, World War II had an unambiguous beginning and end, while the war against Al Qaeda may go on forever. Most important, Roosevelt designated the saboteurs as unlawful combatants in order to try them in military commissions for violating the laws of war. The current enemy combatants, by contrast, may never be charged with anything and could be detained indefinitely, without the opportunity to contest their status or have their guilt decisively adjudicated.

The difference between the German saboteurs and the current combatants is most dramatically illustrated by the case of Ali Al Marri, a Qatari student who came to the United States on September 10, 2001, and enrolled in a master's program in computer-information systems at Bradley University. After people called the FBI to express concern about his activities, the FBI obtained a search warrant and allegedly found files in his computer listing more than 1,000 credit card numbers, as well as links to websites that provided advice about creating false credit cards and false IDs. The investigation also allegedly revealed that he had tried to call a number in the United Arab Emirates associated with one of the alleged financiers of the September 11 attacks, Mustafa Ahmed Al Hawsawi, whose number was also called by suspected lead September 11 hijacker Mohammed Atta.

Marri was indicted in 2002 and charged with the unauthorized possession of credit card numbers with intent to defraud. He was transferred to New York, and, while he was being detained, the Justice Department and the FBI say they learned from Al Qaeda members in U.S. custody that Marri had met Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan and was a sleeper operative. Based on that intelligence, less than a month before Marri was to go to trial, the Bush administration transferred him out of the criminal justice system and designated him the third enemy combatant subjected to indefinite military detention and the first noncitizen enemy combatant caught in the United States.

The Marri case shows both the dangers and the potential benefits of the preventive-detention system the administration is trying to construct. Unlike the German saboteurs, he was not given a lawyer once he was deemed an enemy combatant: The administration has decided that lawyers may discourage combatants from talking to intelligence officers and has insisted on waiting to provide a lawyer until a suspect's intelligence value has been exhausted. (Padilla and Hamdi were not allowed to meet with lawyers until two years after they were seized.) Moreover, unlike the German saboteurs, Marri has not been charged with violating the laws of war and may never get the chance to contest his status as an enemy combatant. The reasons for detaining Marri (to interrogate him and to prevent him from committing sabotage) are very different from the reasons for detaining the saboteurs (to execute them as quickly as possible).

But it would be wrong to force the administration to try Marri, Padilla, and Hamdi in civilian courts, as Reno argues and as Justice Stephen Breyer tentatively suggested at the Supreme Court. The administration argues that, if Marri had been charged with a crime, he couldn't have been mined for continued intelligence: A lawyer would have told him to keep quiet. It's possible, as Justice John Paul Stevens suggested, that a lawyer might have had the opposite effect, encouraging him to cooperate, but the administration says it needs to create an atmosphere of intimidation and trust that would be disrupted by counsel. And prosecuting Marri for something more serious than credit card fraud might be difficult because of the administration's reluctance to reveal its sources and methods in court. During the World Trade Center bombing trial, for example, a pager number reportedly disclosed to the defense ended up in the hands of bin Laden, who promptly disabled it.

In other words, preventive detention may be necessary, but it can't take place without meaningful oversight from independent bodies outside the executive branch—as other Western democracies have recognized. In Britain, after preventive detention of Irish Republican Army suspects led to wrongful convictions and mistaken identifications, Parliament passed a terrorism act in 2000 that forbids indefinite detention. Police can arrest suspected terrorists without a warrant but must charge or release them after 48 hours unless a court approves a maximum five-day extension. Detainees can respond to the allegations against them and must have access to counsel "as soon as is reasonably practicable." (The British lawyers are senior members of the bar, with security clearances, who can discuss classified information with the judge without necessarily divulging it to their clients.) The British Anti-Terrorism Act of 2001 allows the indefinite detention of foreign nationals who can neither be prosecuted nor deported. But they have the right to appeal their designation to the judiciary and the House of Lords, and Parliament must renew the detention authority every year. In Israel, the Knesset has mandated that detainees have access to counsel to contest their status and must be brought before a court within 48 hours to ensure there are

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public security reasons to approve the detentions. Although the minister of defense can renew each detention order every six months, courts must continue to review the basis for the detention every three months. In other words, both Britain and Israel recognize the importance of oversight by the legislative branch, as well as the courts.

The United States has never before approved a system of potentially indefinite detention of citizens where the executive alone decides when suspects can meet with lawyers, how long they remain dangerous, and when they should be released or tried. And Congress has repeatedly rejected the indefinite detention of citizens. On the two occasions when Congress authorized the president to detain citizens without trial—in 1863 and 1950—it included procedural protections. (During the Civil War, Congress said detained citizens had to be indicted or released in states where the ordinary courts were open; and, during the McCarthy era, Congress said detainees had to appear before a hearing officer within 48 hours and be given the opportunity to cross-examine witnesses with counsel to make a case for their release.)

In repealing the McCarthy-era detention law in 1971, Congress prohibited the president from detaining citizens at all without congressional authorization. There's a dispute about whether the 1971 law applies to citizens seized outside the United States (such as Hamdi) or on the borders of the United States (such as Padilla). There's also a dispute about whether Congress's resolution authorizing the president to use "necessary and appropriate force" against Al Qaeda also authorizes him to detain alleged Al Qaeda operatives in the United States. But, in the Patriot Act, Congress specifically said aliens detained as terrorism suspects for more than seven days must be charged or deported in most circumstances; it seems unlikely Congress would authorize the indefinite detention of citizens but not of aliens.

WHAT, THEN, SHOULD Congress and the courts do? The best solution would be for Congress to pass a comprehensive preventative-detention law that includes a series of safeguards, such as periodic review of each detainee's status and a hearing in which counsel can present evidence that someone has been wrongly identified without cutting off interrogations entirely. But Congress, determined to look tough on terrorism, has shown no interest in passing such a law unless the executive asks for one. And the Bush administration refuses to ask.

In the absence of congressional action, what should the Supreme Court do? There are three possibilities: The Court could uphold the Bush administration's actions; tinker with them by imposing procedural protections by judicial fiat; or strike down the preventative detentions as beyond what Congress authorized, thereby forcing the president to ask for broader congressional approval with full procedural protections.

It would be a mistake for the Court to uphold the current preventative-detention system without any judicial or congressional oversight: Unchecked executive detention is hard to reconcile with the Court's own precedents. Also, as the recent humiliation of Iraqis in the Abu Ghraib prison shows, the Bush administration can't be trusted to police itself: Paul Clement, the lawyer for the United States, stood before the Supreme Court and assured the justices that the United States has no interest in torturing prisoners at the same time that the Defense Department was investigating allegations of abuse. But the Court should also resist the temptation to tinker, creating elaborate oversight procedures by judicial decree, as Justice Anthony Kennedy seemed inclined to do during oral arguments when he hopefully asked Clement: "I'm taking away from the argument the impression ... that you think there is a continuing role for the courts to examine the reasonableness of the period of detention." ("I wouldn't take that away," Clement responded.) Similarly, Kennedy, who thinks every problem has a judicial solution, also wanted to know why lower courts couldn't demand "testimony as to how effective interrogations are and how long it takes" to win a suspect's trust without the interference of counsel, so that "we could begin to get some understanding of this process."

While some sort of judicial review of preventive detention would be useful, it should be authorized by Congress, rather than imposed by the Court: There are no clear constitutional standards for the Court to invent procedures on its own; and, by tinkering, the Court runs the risk of endorsing a detention system created without political accountability. Instead, the Court should strike down the executive's currently unregulated system of preventive detention as going beyond the "necessary and appropriate force" that Congress authorized after September 11. As Martinez argued, "Were this Court to rule that congressional action was required, I have no doubt that Congress would step into the breach very quickly to provide whatever authorization the executive branch deemed necessary."

When the Court, in the 1944 Korematsu case, upheld the internment of Japanese Americans, Justice Robert Jackson wrote a famous dissent that warned judges against the dangers of presuming to evaluate claims of military necessity. Instead of judging the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the army's judgments, Jackson said, courts should confine themselves to asking whether or not the executive has the authority to detain citizens in the first place. In the Korematsu case, Jackson said there was no such authority. In the Hamdi and Padilla cases, the Court's own precedents suggest that the president may have had the initial authority to detain citizens who have trained with the enemy and come to the country bent on hostile acts. But indefinite detention without access to counsel or the possibility of judicial review is something that neither the Court nor Congress has ever authorized in the past. By making clear that preventive detention is necessary—but unacceptable without oversight from Congress and the courts—the justices might finally convince the Bush administration that it needs to find the humility to ask for help as soon as possible. ■

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Jerusalem Dispatch

# Going Positive

BY YOSSI KLEIN HALEVI

On Sunday, the night of the Likud referendum over withdrawal from Gaza, Ethan Dor-Shav, chief strategist of the anti-withdrawal campaign, drove past an intersection covered with settler banners warning against appeasing terrorism and shook his head in disapproval. "Too militant, too angry," he said. "The settlers should present a sweet face to the nation: love of the land and the Jewish people. ... If we lose, it will be because we're seen as a settler campaign, not a Likud campaign."

Only a few hours remained before polling booths closed, and every poll was predicting a landslide victory for his camp. Yet the 38-year-old, American-born Dor-Shav was still agonizing over possible defeat. That caution partly explains how Dor-Shav—an adman-turned-philosopher, who took a break from writing a book on Ecclesiastes to run the campaign—turned a projected 20-point loss into a 20-point victory. By contrast, Sharon was so confident of winning that he didn't bother mounting a media campaign until four days before the referendum. By then, Dor-Shav had set the terms of the debate.

Crucially, those terms weren't the religious settlers' greater Israel ideology—a debate Sharon could have won—but the secular Likudniks' security concerns. Most Likudniks, including Dor-Shav, are ready in principle to withdraw from Gaza. But they're loath to withdraw under fire—especially when Israel seems to be winning its war on terrorism. Even Sharon's son, Omri, was quoted confessing his unease about the plan. So Dor-Shav didn't argue against withdrawal from Gaza forever, but against withdrawal from Gaza now. His ads quoted top security officials who have warned that withdrawal would only encourage terrorism, pitting Sharon not against settlers and their hard-line Likud supporters, but against his own generals. 'DISENGAGEMENT' WILL BLOW UP IN OUR FACE, warned one ubiquitous billboard. Even the colors of Dor-Shav's posters were meant to convey mainstream Israeliness—yellow and blue, colors of the Maccabi Tel Aviv basketball team, which just won the Euroleague championships. "It had to have the feel of the Likud culture, not the settler culture," Dor-Shav explains.

Dor-Shav's first decision was to forbid settler spokespeople from appearing in the media, giving prominence instead to Likud opposition leaders, such as Cabinet Minister Uzi Landau. In place of personal attacks on Sharon, Dor-Shav's ads embraced the prime minister: "We love you Sharon—but we're voting no." Still, reining in settlers wasn't easy. Much of the funding for Dor-Shav's campaign came from the settler umbrella group, the Yesha Council. And young, religious settlers distributed anti-withdrawal pamphlets at intersections. Indeed, Sharon's strategy—aside from urging Likudniks to "trust me"—was to portray his opponents as settler extremists whose far-right parties had twice before toppled Likud coalitions.

Dor-Shav accepted the Gaza settlers' argument that they couldn't be kept out of the debate over their own future, but he insisted they confine their message to personal stories that emphasized their idealism, not their politics. "My instruction to them was, 'Just be beautiful Israelis, like the Golan settlers. And guys, don't talk about being victims of terrorism; you chose to live there.'" That directive helped turn settlers from a liability into an asset. Instead of being subjected to the usual settler acrimony toward Israelis wary of annexation, Likudniks became targets of settler goodwill. Residents of Gush Katif, the Gaza settlement bloc, paid home visits to tens of thousands of Likud members, explaining how traumatic withdrawal would be for their families and distributing produce grown in settlers' areas. One evening, I encountered two teenage boys from Gush Katif looking for a Likud neighbor of mine. When I pointed them to the apartment, they gave me a complimentary box of cherry tomatoes.

For Dor-Shav, toning down settler stridency wasn't only about winning the referendum; it was about helping restore the alliance between religious settlers and secular Likudniks—an alliance Sharon himself founded in the 1970s. "The Likudniks discovered normal Israelis like themselves," Dor-Shav says. "The settlers now have an historic opportunity to rejoin the mainstream—if they don't blow it."

They almost did blow it. On the eve of the Holocaust memorial day, two weeks before the vote, Dor-Shav discovered that settlers had placed an ad in the next morning's edition of the newspaper *Maariv*, showing a memorial candle with only four words: EXPELLING JEWS—NEVER AGAIN. Those words could have been misinterpreted as linking Sharon to the Nazis—they recalled leaflets distributed at a settler demonstration in the mid-'90s that depicted Yitzhak Rabin in an SS uniform and alienated the public. If the ad had gone in, says Dor-Shav, "it would have ended our campaign on the spot." Overriding settler sponsors, Dor-Shav phoned the printer and asked to pull the ad. Told it was too late, he instructed the printer to eliminate the words; the next day's *Maariv* contained a mysterious full-page ad without text, showing only a memorial candle.

While Dor-Shav tailored his campaign to Likud sensibilities, Sharon seemed intent on flaunting them. Responding to the murder of a pregnant mother and her four daughters near Gush Katif on referendum day, Sharon declared he wouldn't give terrorists veto power over policy—for Likudniks, it was a statement reminiscent of Rabin's response to terrorism during the '90s, when he refused to let attacks stop his intention to pull out of Gaza and the West Bank. Even some Likudniks who supported Sharon agreed instead with

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the message Dor-Shav put out after the attack: The terrorists weren't trying to sabotage Sharon's plan, but had timed their attack to emphasize that Israel was on the run.

Sharon even failed to exploit President Bush's endorsement of Israel's right to keep settlement blocs. Secretary of State Colin Powell's attempts to downplay those assurances allowed Dor-Shav to dismiss them as worthless. "After Oslo, Likud voters are wary of White House ceremonies," he says. "Powell was crucial in helping us convince Likud voters that Israel would be withdrawing for nothing."

ON THE NIGHT of their victory, anti-withdrawal activists gathered in their Tel Aviv headquarters, a cramped room dominated by a poster of Revisionist Zionist leader Ze'ev Jabotinsky. They included elderly Irgun veterans, earnest Orthodox teenagers in long skirts, and Russians whose hard faces reflected their politics. Settler leaders were pointedly absent, gathered instead in Gush Katif. On a blackboard, someone had written, EVERY 10 MINUTES, YOU MUST TAKE A SMILE BREAK.

Dor-Shav, in a black suit, black shirt, and black yarmulke, kept to the sidelines. Few journalists knew of his role in the campaign, and that's how he had wanted it. An activist approached him with an exit poll showing a double-digit lead for his camp, and he said only, "Exit polls mean nothing." Turning to a friend, he added, "Sharon is my prime minister. I don't need to beat him by twenty percent."

An announcement asked activists to recall the day's terrorist atrocity and temper their enthusiasm. But, when polling booths closed and the extent of their victory became obvious, they couldn't restrain themselves and slapped each other on the back. Deputy Prime Minister Ehud Olmert, Sharon's main supporter of the withdrawal plan, appeared on television. "That's Shimon Peres!" someone said, to laughter. "The Likud has returned to itself," a politician told the cheering crowd. Dor-Shav allowed himself a smile. ■

## Dr. K.A. Paul versus American Christianity.

# Foreign Minister

BY MICHELLE COTTLE

"WHEN GUY PHILIPPE comes to me with the military clothes, and how many hundreds, I don't know, of these gunmen—the whole hotel, outside, everywhere is gunmen—and shook my hand at the dinner table and said, 'I need to meet with you.' And I said, 'Let's go to private in my suite.' So we went to the suite. Three hours later, he removed his military clothes and laid up all of his guns."

Dr. K.A. Paul, the Indian-born Christian evangelical and founder of the U.S.-based Global Peace Initiative (GPI), is seated at a small bistro table at the Regency Club of the Grand Hyatt Washington, sipping his coffee and explaining how he convinced the violent, charismatic leader of Haiti's rebel forces to turn over a new leaf. "I took him to inside my bedroom. Got him on his knees. Laid hands on him. Prayed for him. Ministered to him. At the same time, I said, 'Look, do you really want peace in your country, or are you fighting for power?' " If Philippe loved his people, Paul told him, he would abandon threats to seize control of the government and instead follow Jesus' directive to "show the other cheek." For three hours, the men engaged in a one-on-one prayer session. "He was in tears," recalls Paul, with obvious satisfaction. "Immediately, one of my guys walked in and taped it. I said, 'Now speak. After three hours, what happened?' He said, 'I'm now ready to lay down my weapons—follow the path of peace, as [shown to me by] Doctor Paul. I've asked him to be my spiritual leader, to guide me, to bring peace to my country.' "

It's an unbelievable story, growing progressively more unbelievable as the diminutive, almost wispy Paul details his scolding of the thuggish Philippe. ("I said, 'Enough is enough. ... One soul is more valuable than all the wealth of the world. You have no right to kill!' ") I'd be inclined to laugh at the increasingly animated minister—his arms waving, dark eyes flashing, neatly trimmed mustache quivering—if reports by the press and other observers (including former U.S. Representative Bob Clement) didn't support the basic gist of his story. And, while U.S. military pressure clearly swayed the rebels' decision to disarm, Philippe is on record as having been strongly influenced by his quirky new guru—an odd turn of events that seems to have surprised everyone. Everyone, that is, except Paul, for whom sermonizing to armed goons has become almost commonplace.

Over the past two decades, Kilari Anand Paul, a self-described "Hindu-born follower of Jesus," has cultivated a peculiar specialty as spiritual adviser to the scum of the earth. Liberia's Charles Taylor, Yugoslavia's Slobodan Milosevic, and Iraq's Saddam Hussein are among the more

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infamous butchers to talk with Paul about the moral implications of running a brutal, repressive, and occasionally genocidal regime. In fact, Dr. Paul, as everyone calls him (thanks to an honorary degree from Living Word Bible College in Swan River, Manitoba), has counseled scores of corrupt political leaders at all levels of government, as well as warlords, rebels, and terrorists from Mumbai to Manila to Mogadishu. By Paul's estimate, he has gone mano a mano with the leaders of every significant terrorist and rebel group in the 89 countries where his ministry operates.

Far from being put off by the wickedness of his flock, Paul's philosophy seems to be: The blacker the soul, the greater the need for redemption. As the name of his organization suggests, Paul's aim is to foster global peace, in large part by personally "transforming the lives and changing the hearts" of some of the world's most ruthless warmongers. It is not a modest goal—then again, Paul is not a modest man. The 40-year-old peace crusader is, in fact, the first to toot his own horn, proffering a laundry list of armed conflicts he claims to have helped resolve or avert in troubled spots like Burundi, the Ivory Coast, Pakistan, and, perhaps most notably, Liberia, where Paul played a key role in coaxing Taylor to step down as president and go into exile last year.

But, despite such high-profile interventions, Paul remains virtually unknown in the United States—and the anonymity is driving him crazy. It's not that he craves public acclaim, says Paul (though quite clearly he does). It's that GPI's humanitarian work—aiding disaster victims and supporting thousands of orphans and widows throughout the Third World—costs money, and the United States is where the money is. But it's hard to raise cash when no one has ever heard of you. So, over the past year or so, Paul has tried to up his profile, retaining a big-league p.r. firm to sing his praises; hiring former members of Congress to do the same; splashily retrofitting a Boeing 747, dubbed Global Peace One, for use on relief missions; even recruiting Evander Holyfield to add pizzazz to fund-raising events.

Thus far, however, the United States remains uninterested. The public face of religion in the United States, Paul and his supporters have found, looks nothing like that of a peculiar, self-promoting Indian minister. Americans tend to prefer their humanitarian and spiritual leaders humble and self-deprecating, à la Jimmy Carter or Billy Graham. Paul, by contrast, is so desperate to convince you of his influence that he can come across as either a liar or a crank. And even those who aren't turned off by Paul's self-aggrandizement are often unmoved by his cause. Rescuing widows and orphans may be big news in the Third World, but the subject doesn't exactly grip the American imagination, which is preoccupied with culture-war standards like abortion, gay rights, and school prayer. Focused as he is on Third World hunger and other apolitical issues that don't get you on "Crossfire," Dr. Paul simply may never fit the American image of a Spiritual Leader. But such challenges simply make the indefatigable peace crusader even more determined to try.

By all accounts, Dr. Paul's overseas peace rallies are sights to behold. Most take place in Africa or India, where villagers stream in from around the countryside to see, as one Indian paper put it, "the mesmerizing evangelist," who has become a minor celebrity across much of both continents. A "small" rally is defined as an audience of 10,000 or 20,000. Large rallies stretch upward of a million. (GPI claims its largest was three million attendees at a 2001 event in Lagos, Nigeria.) Surrounding the speakers' podium, on which Paul is joined by local politicos and traveling dignitaries, bodies crowd together in a sea of humanity. "I hesitate to tell people how big these crowds are, because they can't comprehend it," says Texas oil billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt, who served as co-chair of GPI until recently. Until you see the crowds yourself, you assume the numbers are inflated, agrees Arkansas Governor Mike Huckabee, who traveled to India with Paul in January 2002. "But there were maybe seventy-five thousand, a hundred thousand," Huckabee says of the rally he attended. "I'm not sure I ever saw that many people except at a major football game."

Many of the events include dancing and singing, with choir members numbering in the hundreds. Often, dozens of local street children are brought onstage as Paul challenges families who can afford it to adopt them. And, always, there is a sermon (which can last several hours) in which Paul shares the stories of great peacemakers—Jesus, Mahatma Gandhi, Mother Teresa, and, of course, Dr. K.A. Paul—and calls upon the crowd to accept the gospel of Jesus Christ. GPI supporters who have attended such rallies express awe at the number of souls brought to Jesus, sometimes tens of thousands in one night.

Of course, it's hard to know how many of these attendees remain dedicated to Christianity after Paul's departure. India, in particular, has a tradition of mass conversions, which often have more to do with a rejection of Hinduism's oppressive caste system than with any spiritual awakening (see Stéphanie Giry, "SOL," April 26). Even so, there's little doubt that Paul has amassed an impressive following in many Third World countries. Among his devotees are more than a few political dignitaries, many of whom, as GPI "peace partners," dedicate a few days each month to attending peace rallies, visiting orphanages, meeting with other leaders, or whatever else Paul has on the agenda. The president of Ethiopia has committed to serving as a GPI peace partner. So has H.D. Deve Gowda, former prime minister of India. In fact, dozens of Indian politicians—including 16 senators—donate time to Paul's cause, though not solely for humanitarian reasons. "He controls the Indian government over there," chuckles Walter Harber, an East Tennessee real estate developer and another of GPI's big funders. "In a town of a million people, he'll draw seven hundred fifty thousand who are all his fans—and they'll vote the way he wants them to. The guy is probably the most powerful leader in the Third World," Harber says with awe. "People just flock to him.

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If I didn't know he was a Christian, I'd think he was the Antichrist."

All of Paul's supporters mention the minister's strange, undefinable charisma. The word "anointed" popped up repeatedly, and at least one adviser compared Paul to the "ravenous bird from the east" that the book of Isaiah prophecies will come in latter days to work God's will. "He's just overwhelmed with faith," says Representative Clement. "He makes things happen that others think, 'There is no way that can happen.' "

Paul and his followers are happy to recall his many amazing encounters with remarkable (if often reprehensible) people. There was the time he lectured Yasir Arafat on the evils of sending children to commit suicide, "even if you believe you are doing justice." Then there was the time, during the Elián González mess, that Paul traveled to Cuba to meet with Fidel Castro, only to back out at the last minute—"Literally, I was in his office," says Paul—because the Cuban leader would not let Paul use his own translator. In 1999, Paul met with Milosevic during the U.S. aerial assault. And, in 2002, he had phone conversations with Saddam and met personally with Iraqi Vice President Taha Yasin Ramadan in an attempt to avert war with the United States. Paul recalls Ramadan accusing him of being an agent of President Bush. "He was so angry, he literally walked out of the meeting, but I held his hand and pulled him back," says Paul, who then warned Ramadan, "I am *not* an agent from America, but I'm telling you about President Bush, what little I know—and many of my friends know him very well." Unless Iraq immediately took certain steps, he assured Ramadan, there was no question that the United States would invade.

Unsurprisingly, Paul's peacemaking efforts often end in disappointment. But his near-pathological stubbornness occasionally pays off. By far the most oft-cited—and, arguably, the most successful—of Paul's peace odysseys was his mission to Liberia. As Paul tells the story, he became involved in the situation at the request of several Liberian bishops who approached him while he was in Nigeria. A late-night phone call was arranged to President Taylor, who, after a bout of long-distance praying, invited Paul to visit. There followed a month of intense, marathon counseling sessions, in which the minister lectured the despot on his myriad sins. At one meeting, attended by Clement, Paul demanded that Taylor, a practicing polygamist, renounce all but his first-wed wife. "I about died!" recalls Clement with a laugh. "I thought, 'We're gonna get locked up now, and I'll *never* get out of Liberia.' " But Taylor acquiesced. And, although one or two gun-toting rebels issued the occasional death threat to members of Paul's entourage, GPI's Liberian crusade could be considered a smashing success. After weeks of foot-dragging, Taylor resigned and headed for Nigeria, a move for which he has publicly credited Paul. And, while no one can predict how long Taylor will be able to resist causing trouble in his native country, he and his new guru are burning up the phone lines, often speaking several times a day. "We've probably had a hundred and fifty phone conversations including this week," says Paul, assuring me, "Everybody knows this because our calls are tapped."

FROM THE START, Paul has charted an unorthodox course to success. He was born in 1963 to a lower-middle-class family of Hindus in a small village in the southeast Indian state of Andhra Pradesh. Paul's father was a pharmacist who earned enough to provide a comfortable life for his wife and three children but nonetheless suffered from severe anxiety and depression. When Paul was three years old, his father brought home a mass of sleeping pills in preparation for the family's collective suicide. Paul's mother begged one of her husband's colleagues to intervene, and, as Paul tells it, the colleague saved not only his family's lives but also their eternal souls by introducing them to Jesus Christ. Soon thereafter, Paul's father became a part-time preacher, and, for much of his youth, Paul traveled the countryside with his dad, spreading the gospel of Jesus.

At 17, Paul entered college and became caught up in the Naxalite movement, an outgrowth of the Communist Party of India that sought to violently overthrow the government. (Popular on campuses during the 1960s and 1970s because of their message of social justice, the Naxalites have become an increasingly fringe movement, whose killing of innocents has earned them a reputation more as terrorists than reformers. Today, Paul credits his experience as a student-leader in the group with giving him intimate knowledge of terrorism and of the futility of pursuing change through violence.)

In the summer of 1983, the 19-year-old Paul had a religious epiphany—a vision of thousands of unsaved souls toppling into the fiery lake of Hell. It was then that he renounced violence and dedicated his life to spreading Jesus' message of peace. For the next several years, Paul traveled throughout India, preaching to small groups of ten or 20 people. Blending tenets of Christianity with elements of social reform—including relentless criticism of government corruption, the dowry system, the caste system, and religious fanaticism in general—Paul's message began to earn him national attention, not all of it positive. At one point, he claims, he was beaten and left for dead by a group of religious extremists. By the late '80s, Paul was being invited to speak at statewide religious rallies with crowds of up to 30,000 or 40,000. It was there that Paul met many of the mayors, governors, legislators, and other Indian politicos with whom he is friends today. In early 1997, G. M. C. Balayogi, a member of the Indian House of Representatives attended one of Paul's rallies and committed himself to aiding the young crusader. (Himself an untouchable, Balayogi was especially moved by Paul's denunciation of the caste system.) Later that year, Balayogi, as head of the Telegu Desam Party, became speaker of the House and promptly began introducing his spiritual guru to other world leaders. "He started writing letters to all one hundred ninety-one countries in the U.N., introducing me to all

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the presidents and prime ministers," says Paul with pride. And, until his death in 2002, Balayogi helped arrange meetings between Paul and various leaders, even inviting the minister along on visits with heads of state like Castro or Milosevic.

Paul's introduction to the United States came in 1989, when members of the Indian-American community arranged for him to speak to congregations in five cities. Those invitations spawned other invitations, and soon Paul was preaching in some of America's largest megachurches. As in India, the minister never missed an opportunity to expand his network of friends. While speaking in Los Angeles, Paul became acquainted with the late Reverend E.V. Hill, who spiritually counseled Presidents Nixon, Reagan, and Bush I. Through Hill, Paul met Nelson Bunker Hunt, who is perhaps best known for attempting to corner the silver market in 1980. Through Hunt, Paul gained entrée to pretty much every important businessman and politician in Texas—if not the entire southern United States. And so the Rolodex grew.

EARLY IN HIS ministry, Paul often could not afford food, much less shelter. So it's hardly surprising that today—as friend and counselor to numerous well-known personages; founder of both an international humanitarian group (GPI) and an aggressive missionary operation called Gospel to the Unreached Millions; financial savior of tens of thousands of poor women and children (GPI runs several large orphanages throughout India); and, of course, proud owner of "the one and only VIP 747 in the world!"—he is eager for people to know what he has accomplished.

So far, however, word of Paul's Third World success hasn't exactly swept the United States. Despite having settled his ministry and family in Houston a decade ago, Paul's name typically prompts the response, "K.A. *who*?" The failure of his adopted homeland to appreciate him is a sore spot for the ambitious crusader, whose reflexive self-promotion borders on parody. (In recounting how he uses the story of Mother Teresa as a teaching tool, Paul begins, "This was an ordinary woman, a hundred pounds, a seventeen-year-old Albanian little girl who came out to India and spent seventy years touching one orphan at a time. She didn't build the world's largest orphanage like K.A. Paul, but she built one here and one there.")

Ego aside, Paul understands that his lack of name recognition in the United States is undermining his ministry, for the simple reason that it limits his fund-raising ability. Much of GPI's mission, says Paul, involves uniting the haves with the have-nots—and no country has quite as many pro-Jesus haves as the United States. But Paul is not the head of a church, which could provide him with a financial base of support, and he refuses to pass the collection plate at his rallies. Moreover, unlike Pat Robertson or Jerry Falwell, Paul doesn't have a TV congregation to which he can appeal—nor does he want one, insisting that televangelism is not what he should spend his time on. So, up to this point, Paul has relied on rich, humanitarian-minded individuals to fund GPI. Rather than collecting $20 or $30 from thousands of people, he collects $20,000 or $30,000 from a few. Currently, 85 percent of Paul's work is supported by a core group of a dozen American businessmen, many of whom sit on GPI's board and brainstorm additional sources of funding. In part, this means introducing Paul to other rich folks. But, when trying to convince their millionaire chums to hand over a fat check, GPI's backers often hit the "K.A. who?" hurdle. "Honestly, it's one of our biggest frustrations," admits Dave McQuade, a Hollywood-based entertainment consultant who has become Paul's closest adviser.

Paul has started experimenting with ways to raise his public profile, but thus far he has had limited success. Part of the trouble is that his work with the poor doesn't lend itself to the sort of left-right political spats that many religious leaders use to gain ink and airtime. Compounding the problem, say supporters, is that Americans just aren't interested in what Paul does. "Most Americans don't care about Third World countries—the only news is when there is war or bloodshed," says Juda Engelmayer, a New York–based p.r. consultant who has represented GPI in the past.

More specifically, the bulk of American evangelicals do not consider poverty—even in their own country—a top priority. In a recent poll by Greenberg Quinlan Rosner Research, evangelicals were asked, "What's the most important thing that concerns you?" The number-one response was moral values (with abortion overwhelmingly the defining political concern). Thus, it's hardly surprising that evangelical leaders like Robertson and Falwell rode to prominence on issues like abortion, gay rights, and school prayer.

Similarly, the international issues that mobilize conservative Christians often reflect their domestic priorities. During the Reagan years, right-wing evangelicals embraced the Gipper's fierce anti-communism as the key to preserving the American (read: Christian) way of life. More recently, the violence in Israel and the persecution of Christians in places like China and Sudan have become pet causes for activists like Gary Bauer. But, thus far, the plight of poor widows in Calcutta has yet to ignite a mass movement among this nation's most devout. (This is not to say that evangelicals don't contribute to overseas relief missions. But, when they do, it's often through programs run by their own churches, meaning that Paul finds himself competing with homegrown groups for members' dollars.)

The stark racial division of Christian America poses another hurdle for Paul: As a foreign-born Indian, he lacks an obvious constituency. Thirty-six years ago, Martin Luther King Jr. lamented that the most segregated hour in America is eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. That divide shows no signs of closing. A recent study by researchers at Rice University showed that only 8 percent of all U.S. churches are multiracial (meaning that no single group constitutes more than 80 percent of the congregation). Whites are accustomed to following white spiritual leaders. Blacks are accus-

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tomed to following black leaders. A culturally strange "Hindu follower of Jesus" is a tough sell.

LOOKING FOR A little professional help last year, GPI retained the services of Rubenstein Associates, the Manhattan p.r. giant that handles the likes of Rupert Murdoch and David Letterman. (And, once upon a time, THE NEW REPUBLIC.) But that move backfired, making Paul and GPI look distastefully hungry for publicity. McQuade recalls one news producer who was ready to hit the road with Paul—until she learned he was represented by Rubenstein. At that point, says McQuade, the show dismissed him as a media hound.

Trying another tactic, Paul hired a dozen former political candidates who had been defeated in the 2002 elections—including a handful of ex-congressmen—to help open doors in Washington. (In addition to seeking private funders, Paul has his eye on government grant dollars, possibly through USAID.) The experiment is still in progress, and Paul enthusiastically reports that several lawmakers have expressed interest in tagging along on future relief missions. But politicians are fickle creatures with short attention spans, unlikely to waste much time or political capital championing an unknown, decidedly quirky Indian minister with designs on saving the world. Of the handful of members of Congress that Paul mentioned having spoken with, none wanted to chat about GPI. One had his spokesman explain that the congressman had changed his mind about traveling with Paul. One denied ever having heard of him.

More recently, Paul has turned to perhaps the most reliable strategy for getting Americans' attention: recruit a celebrity pitchman. Since January, Evander Holyfield, who met Paul in 1997, has been accompanying the minister on both international peacemaking trips and domestic fundraising ones. When I phoned him one Friday in late March, Holyfield was in New York with Paul, trying to hook up with some big-money funders. But even traveling with (as Paul repeatedly stresses) "the only four-time heavyweight champion in the world" does not guarantee access. "We're supposed to be meeting some important people that Doctor Paul's supposed to introduce me to," Holyfield explained. "But they're out of town right about now." No matter: An undeterred Holyfield and Paul were heading from New York to Dallas and then maybe to the West Coast. "We're going to go all over the U.S. right now," said Holyfield gamely. "I'm not in training, so I'm trying to go as many places as possible."

ULTIMATELY, HOWEVER, THE biggest barrier to Paul's success may be Paul himself. As fabulous as the minister is at wooing the masses in Kenya and Andhra Pradesh, he is a lousy ambassador in the United States, apt to come across as simultaneously arrogant and untrustworthy. "He's a very intense guy, and his stories, when you listen to them, are not believable at first," says Engelmayer, who, until recently, was Paul's rep at Rubenstein. Paul's preference for speaking in absolutes (meeting with *every* terrorist and rebel group in 89 countries, building the world's *largest* orphanage, drawing *every* politician in a region to his rallies) suggests a tendency toward exaggeration, even when the claims are basically true. He must be grilled on every story in order to separate narrative embellishment (he once "beat up" the head of his college) from reality (he threw a couple of punches at the guy), and, even then, it's wise to confirm with outside sources. For naturally skeptical journalists, all this is hardly worth the trouble for a story about some odd little preacher no one has ever heard of anyway.

And, even when people do believe Paul, they often don't like him. "It seems like he's just bragging," says Engelmayer, noting that Paul frequently shows up at meetings and interviews with a briefcase full of glowing testimonials and photos of himself with important people. In part, say supporters, Paul is trying, helpfully, to provide documentation for his claims. "But it doesn't seem right for a man of God to be coming across as so arrogant," says Engelmayer. "It just doesn't appeal."

Harber, among others, sees the problem as cultural—a by-product of Paul's obsessive, guilt-inducing focus on global poverty. "He just feels like there's so much waste over here. We spend a lot of money doing things like building buildings and not reaching out to do other things," like help the poor. But, unlike your average American, says Harber, Paul doesn't know how to camouflage his disapproval. "He's so aggressive, he's like an animal." If he finds out you've got a swank vacation home, "he wants you to put up a FOR SALE sign right now and give the money to him." We've told him again and again that rich folks don't like to be lectured on how they're misusing their money, says Harber, adding, "It just makes me sick that we've lost a lot of great donors over here because he offends them." Paul doesn't mean to offend, says Engelmayer, "He just doesn't know how to speak the way Americans are used to hearing people talk."

Paul isn't worried. Eventually, he figures, evidence of the work God is doing through him will become too big to ignore. In one rambling breath he lays out a possible storyline: "Why is this village boy, who failed tenth grade two times and couldn't find ten dollars at age seventeen, and who lived on the streets for seven years—between '83 and '89—who was left for dead and beaten with the broken ribs, a man who could not accomplish anything in life, go from a broken bike to the one and only Global Peace One, which, in itself, is [a] front-page story for every newspaper in this country?" Besides, says Paul, no great peacemaker is appreciated in his own time. "It took sixty years for Mother Teresa to be known," he reminds me. And the only reason Gandhi is so revered, he asserts, "is because he died in 1948. People were not talking about him then." So, if Americans need "to take their own time and find out what we do, like they did in eighty-nine countries," so be it. "America is not my place, at least for now," says Paul with a shrug. "But maybe someday." ■

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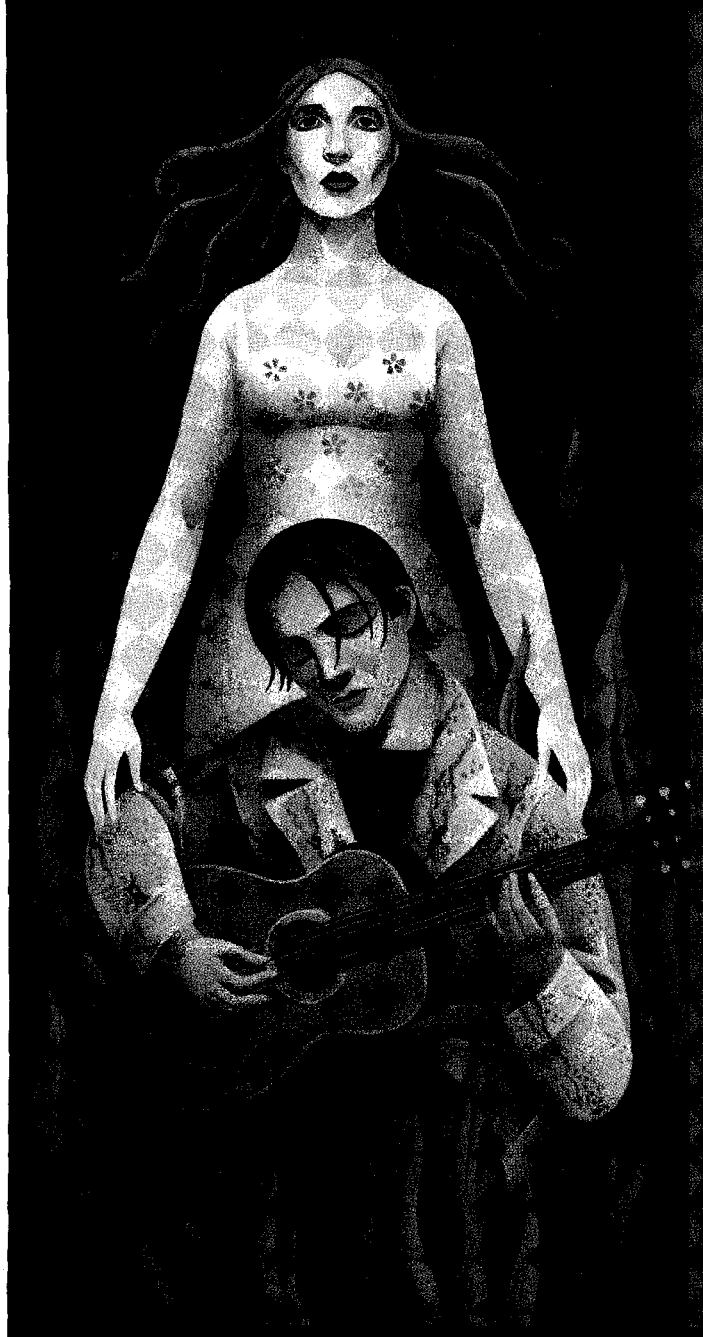

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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

# Other Selves

A FEW WEEKS AGO FRANCE sent us *Bon Voyage*, a farce whose background was the German invasion of 1940. Now here is **STRAYED**, which uses the same background for a romance. But it is a romance only partly in the conventional sense: chiefly it is romantic in the expansive sense—extraordinary actions in the midst of recognizable reality. Hawthorne, defining romance, said that although it must adhere to human truth, it "has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances ... of the writer's own choosing or creation." He foresaw *Strayed*.

**STRAYED**
(Wellspring)

**THIS SO-CALLED DISASTER**
(IFC)

The screenplay is by Gilles Taurand and André Téchiné (who directed), adapted from a novel by Gilles Perrault. In May 1940 a young widow, Odile, is fleeing southward from Paris with her thirteen-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter. They are in their car, progressing slowly in a long and wretched file of other Parisian refugees, most of them on foot. Candid touches abound: farmers overcharge the refugees for water. Terror abounds: German planes strafe and bomb this civilian procession. Odile, who is a former teacher, summons all her calmness and strength for the rescue of her children, but strength fizzles out. They are suddenly befriended by a youth of seventeen, named Yvan, who seems a sort of street person very much at ease amid all this turmoil.

Odile's car is bombed and burned—she and the children are hiding in a field during the raid—and Yvan, a taciturn, resourceful fellow, locates an abandoned house in the woods nearby. This is where the Hawthornean romance begins. Odile, her children, and Yvan take refuge in this house—Yvan climbs the wall to a window, then opens the door—where they ensconce themselves. Yvan hunts and fishes; Odile, helped as far as possible by her easily adjusting children, tends the big and beautiful house. Thus they are all surviving while the world around them is churning. They are kept up to date by the radio that Yvan has fixed, though he has cut the telephone wires apparently to keep them isolated and safe. It is as if these four people had been cast ashore on a small island in a tremendous angry sea.

Easily, enticingly, the point of the film clarifies. The situation forces Odile to find resources in herself that she did not know were there. Yvan, though he has odd and sudden reticences, is seemingly even more at ease now, prepared and deft no matter what happens. The children, in their own universe, enjoy most of what is happening, the boy wide-eyed and protective of his mother, the girl generally quite comfy. The implicit contrast, only occasionally explicit, is between their desert-island life and the invisible maelstrom roundabout. The safety of this refuge, along with its chance for self-discoveries, cannot last permanently, of course. But, before it is broken, it is tinged unexpectedly by Odile's discovery of Yvan's background and by her eventual response.

The cinematography by Agnès Godard, who did the unforgettable *The Dreamlife of Angels*, follows a by-now-familiar plan. The film begins in black and white—who would want that horrendous refugee flight in color?—and acquires color as personalities intensify. Leaves become green, wheat fields become golden. André Téchiné directed with the implication of restrained excitement that made *My Favorite Season* so savory. Téchiné has a reputation in France as an especially empathic director of women—Catherine Deneuve and Juliette Binoche among them—and he has understood this Odile very well.

She is played by Emmanuelle Béart, who worked with Téchiné previously in *I Don't Kiss* (unseen by me). Béart has become a princess of understatement, like Isabelle Huppert. And like Huppert, Béart depends on the camera to comprehend what it is that she is not showing. The difference between this method and sheer blankness, like Björk's in von Trier's *Dancer in the Dark*, is blatant. Björk is merely present: Béart convinces us of her union with Odile and convinces, too, that it would be gross to express more than she does. Since Béart's beginning in the wonderful *Manon of the Spring* and in Balzac's *La Belle Noiseuse*, where her nudity for three hours did not impair her performance, she has brought life to what she does. Here the screenplay might have provided a few more defining touches; still we are moved by what the flight from Paris and the experience of Yvan have done to her.

Gaspard Ulliel, stubbornly and slyly proud, is entirely interesting as what Yvan is and what he suggests that he was. *Strayed* is Ulliel's third film. More, I'm sure, lie ahead of him.

Michael Almereyda, who did an intolerable *Hamlet* a few years ago with Ethan Hawke, has made a documentary about the rehearsal of a Sam Shepard play. The film is called **THIS SO-CALLED DISASTER**, a phrase of Shepard's, and the play in rehearsal is *The Late Henry Moss* in its premiere production in San Francisco in 2000. Shepard was the ineffectual ghost in that *Hamlet*, and apparently he and Almereyda have forgiven each other, because he invited the making of this documentary and speaks quite forthrightly in interviews within it.

The play's cast, and therefore the film's, includes Nick Nolte, Sean Penn, Woody Harrelson, and James Gammon, the Shepard veteran with a voice like John Wayne's. Each gets some offstage moments with the camera. The film includes relatively little of the actual rehearsals but enough to show that Shepard has a crystalline vision of the essence of his play and is working toward it with his people. Penn is not much more taking

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in his talk about acting than in his performance. Nolte, though not pontifical about himself as an artist, surprises by speaking the name Stanislavsky. It was reading Stanislavsky during a critical period in his youth that turned Nolte toward acting, and possibly that source is what gives his acting its durable, if not particularly deep, verity.

The picture's main interest, however, is in the Shepard interviews, in which the playwright talks about subjects that have long been apparent in his work—his father and their relationship. Perhaps because he is getting into his sixties and is a bit more relaxed, Shepard is almost confessional, in his weather-beaten Western way, about his father's alcoholism and general wildness, including a (sort of) funny story about his old man's behavior at a performance of one of his son's plays.

Of *The Late Henry Moss* I know nothing except that it, too, was inspired by Shepard's father. But the film leaves the viewer with an increased sense of Shepard's exceptional being and talent—a prime playwright of his time who, if he had so chosen, could also have been one of its leading film stars. With all his writing, he nonetheless has managed to appear prominently in twenty-eight films and nine television plays. What a sideline. ■

## JED PERL ON ART

# Good as Gold

"BYZANTIUM: FAITH AND POWER (1261–1557)," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, seizes visitors as soon as they walk into the stupendous first gallery. A flash of golden icons strikes you immediately, and in the finest paintings that gold is the staging ground for images that are by turns beguiling and ferocious. There is a joyful abandon about the rendering of the Christ Child in a fourteenth-century composition, where his head is flung back in a startling life-caught-on-the-quick pose. In a couple of icons the Virgin Mary and John the Evangelist are conceived as two pillars of grief—elongated, stripped down, turning inward—that frame Jesus on the cross. And even as these icons are asserting their feverish authority, other works are beckoning: a vast and wonderfully lacy copper chandelier, called a choros; manuscripts animated by a dazzle of crazy color; a carved pine cross whose bold dimensions are complicated by the filigreed richness of interlaced patterns. Helen C. Evans, the curator at the Metropolitan who organized this stirring spectacle, has layered experiences to suggest the dense visual counterpoint that we know from Byzantine churches. While no show could fulfill Evans's impossibly ambitious program of doing justice to the last three centuries of Byzantine art, the great opening gallery, which includes an exquisite Serbian cast bronze bell from 1432, achieves the visual equivalent of a crashing, exhilarating, wake-up-the-world clanging of bells.

**BYZANTIUM: FAITH AND POWER (1261–1557)** (Metropolitan Museum of Art)

When we absorb the galvanic power of Byzantine art, with its hieratic poses and intricate patterns and vehement stylizations, we are still experiencing the aftershocks of a revolt against the pagan naturalism of Greco-Roman culture that began to transform the Mediterranean world two thousand years ago. These were the centuries when Christians were advocating a denaturalization, and a spiritualization, and sometimes even an obliteration, of the representational image. The result was that Hellenism's giddy verisimilitude was chastened when it was not entirely eclipsed.

The early Christian and Byzantine rejection of naturalism, which several hundred years ago was almost invariably interpreted as a symptom of civilization's loss of direction in the years between the waning of Roman power and the rise of late medieval cosmopolitanism, has in more recent times been understood as an alternate mode of artistic expression. Byzantium's anti-naturalism has been seen as reflecting a retreat from republican values, or the ruling class's desire to represent itself as inflexible and even

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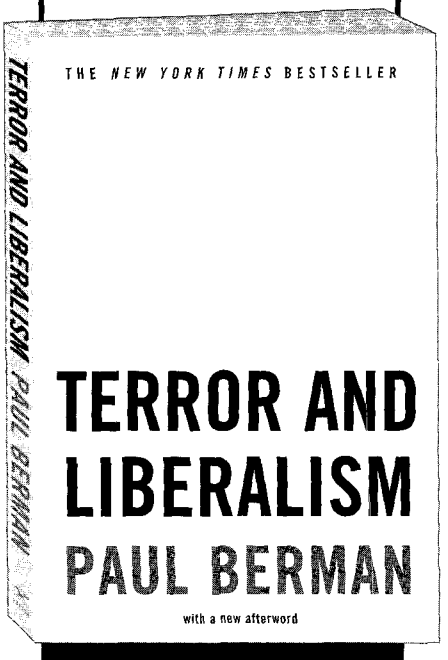


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somewhat inhuman, or an inherently Asian predilection for decorative effect that came to dominate an increasingly Eastern-oriented empire. What has also become abundantly clear is that anti-naturalism in all its varied forms, far from suggesting a rejection of familiar emotions and appetites, can involve a heightening or a distillation of what is most human.

The ritualization of representation in Byzantine art has a powerful impact, at once confounding and exhilarating. A museumgoer responds gladly to the shimmering opulence of this exhibition, which covers the years from 1261, when Constantinople was reclaimed by the Orthodox Church, to the middle of the sixteenth century. Something in the modern spirit—in our taste for exaggerated effects and heightened emotions—finds satisfaction in the immediate impact, the unabashed physicality, and the elegant outrageousness of the Byzantine vision. All those golden surfaces, which merge the brightness of the world and the brightness of the spirit through a layering of interiority and exteriority, can strike us as foreshadowing the essential nature of abstract art, which gives form to the play of the imagination. We are still living in the wake of the Romantic revolutions that overturned the temperate humanism of the Renaissance, and we share with the Romantics a taste for the irrational that lends a particular fascination to Byzantine art's casual attitude toward the classical norms that became Renaissance laws. The history of modern art and modern taste has prepared us for the experience of Byzantine art, from Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice* through the abstraction of sensation in Post-Impressionism to Matisse's fascination with the icons that he saw in Russia in 1911. Museumgoers have assimilated all these experiences, often almost unconsciously.

Byzantine art has an enveloping aura that is far removed from easel painting's discrete framing of experience, and people who are inclined to appreciate multimedia extravaganzas respond to the glimpses that Evans provides of an art that melds figurative form and abstract pattern into overarching architectural settings. Many of the admirable icons at the Metropolitan Museum were originally elements in larger architectural structures that limited the view into the sanctuary, and ranged from the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century templons, frames hung with icons, to the more permanent Russian iconostases. The few fragments and sections of fresco included in this show give only a suggestion of the immense fresco cycles that filled Byzantine churches, many of which are still extant. True, the Byzantine artist used frontal, symmetrical forms to create an awesome immobility. But this exhibition includes a number of icons and illuminations representing scenes in which icons are being carried in processions, and here we begin to understand how the stasis of Byzantine imagery was re-imagined, as precious objects were integrated into the flow of ritual time. The textiles here include a fascinating series of embroidered cloths, known as *epitaphioi*, with the body of Christ surrounded by fields of seraphim and stars and leafy arabesques. The *epitaphioi*, with their haunting union of unabashed luxury and harrowed asceticism, were carried in funerary cortèges that commemorated the burial of Christ. The burial cloth became the body, creating an image of disembodiment that can send a shiver down a viewer's spine.

COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

***Icon of the Virgin Pafsolypse*, Byzantium, fourteenth century**

At the core of the enveloping decorative space of Byzantine art there are always men and women and images of God in his human aspect. The figure is encased or entrapped in a dazzling web of color and pattern, and this luxurious imprisonment accounts for much of the work's power and poignancy. Meyer Schapiro described such striking effects as "a *represented* isolation often strongly expressive and symbolic, which is like that of ceremony in fixing attention on a sacred object, and is compatible with rich naturalistic detail." What is so moving—and finally so disquieting—about Byzantine art is the tension that develops between the reach for an abstract order and the sense of the figure as having its own will, as bursting out of the grand design to establish contact with the viewer through a gesture, a glance, a general air of animation.

This is true all through Byzantine art, the earlier phases of which the Metropolitan has already surveyed in two shows, "Age of Spirituality" in 1977–1978 and "The Glory of Byzantium" in 1997. In this final phase—which traces developments in the last centuries when the Christianity of the Orthodox Church, although its influence was not what it once had been, still dominated much of the Mediterranean world and many points beyond—the pressures and counterpressures may seem to be especially strong. When Matisse, visiting Moscow in 1911, remarked that "such a wealth of pure color, such spontaneity of expression I have never seen anywhere else," he was referring, at least in part, to a tension that animates the icons, in which the figures and the faces can suggest a spontaneity of feeling that is related dy-

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namically to the pure impact of color. This conjoining of the idealism of color and the particularity of figural expression is certainly something that Matisse was experimenting with in his great portraits of the 1910s.

IN THE FIFTEENTH- AND EARLY sixteenth-century Russian icons that are attributed to Daniil Chernyi and Andrei Rublev and to the circle of the painter Dionysus, the unruliness of human feeling is tempered by a Byzantine taste for opulent abstraction. In the pair of very tall icons of John Chrysostom and Gregory the Theologian—each is more than ten feet high—the delicately rendered heads and hands are pitted against the bishops' robes, which are vehemently patterned with black-and-white crosses as absolute as the shapes in a painting by Malevich. Saint Cyril, in the center of an icon from the Dionysus circle, is a gravely sinuous figure, and the long, slowly downturning arcs traced from his neck through his shoulders to his outstretched hands become an emblem of the man's gentle confidence. The power of the figure, embraced by the golden enclosure that is the surface of the icon, is owed to the way that Saint Cyril simultaneously presses against that luxurious habitation and is subsumed in an epiphany of color. The surrounding cycle of smaller scenes from Cyril's life complicates the muffled activism of the icon's central image by setting the thoughtful hero in a fast-moving narrative. In these portraits of John and Gregory and Cyril, the faces suggest an inwardness that is somehow heightened by the sheer decorative force of the image as a whole.

An icon's subtleties are on the surface; its enigmas are not concealed. Evans opens the show with an icon of the Virgin and Child surrounded by scenes from their lives. Painted in the second half of the fourteenth century, perhaps in Constantinople, this extraordinary image is a triumph of emphatic, bold-faced lyricism. The central group of the Virgin and Child is sheer delight, with Jesus raising his tiny hands to Mary's face as he flings his head backward. Ten scenes, ranging from the Annunciation to the Ascension, surround this moment of almost impish childish glee, and they are in certain respects reminiscent of the beguiling narrative felicities of Sienese painting. The scenes here of the Entry into Jerusalem and the Baptism make you think of Giovanni di Paolo and even of Duccio—but there is another kind of roiling excitement that animates this Byzantine work, for the jostle of golden or dazzlingly colored shapes suggests a joyful abandon, a play of abstract forces, that we do not necessarily associate with the Italian Renaissance. The red accents that serve as a setting for the Virgin combine with the strong jolts of blue that are repeated in womb-like or mandorla forms to create a syncopated rhythm of related yet distinctive elements. The entire surface achieves some of the exhilarating, dancing wit that we know from Arp's torn-paper collages, or from his relief sculptures, with their eruptions of biomorphic forms. The anonymous Byzantine painter unites the sobriety of story-telling with the giddiness of picture-making in a tumble of emotions that is not quite like anything else in religious art.

I AM HESITANT TO MAKE MANY generalizations about an exhibition that covers three centuries and a vast geographical area. To understand the truly overwhelming dimensions of what is being attempted here, a museumgoer need only consider how utterly impossible we would regard the idea of a show that attempted to survey Western European art from 1250 to 1550. That "Byzantium: Faith and Power" looks and feels as good as it does, that it makes as much sense as it does, is a testament to the taste and the intelligence of the staff of one of the greatest art institutions in the world. The installation is a triumph of understated elegance. The strong yet subdued wall colors and a mild evocation of Byzantine columns set a rather understated, ascetic tone that permits the works on display to achieve a commanding presence.

Evans has sought to bring order to her mind-bogglingly complex subject by presenting what amounts to a series of shows-within-a-show. The closing gallery, an investigation of the impact that Byzantine figure types may have had on Flemish painting, which was organized by Maryan W. Ainsworth, a curator of European painting at the museum, is a landmark in itself. The areas devoted to textiles and to Russian icons are remarkable events. Even the selection of micromosaics, small images composed of a near-infinity of tiny tesserae and often intended as private devotional objects, could have made an outstanding little exhibition. There are those who find something overly showy about the craftsmanship in the micromosaics, which brings into the Christian world some of the bravura virtuosity of Hellenistic work. Like the Fabergé trinkets that the Romanovs adored, these mosaics can suggest a high bourgeois misconception of aristocratic taste. But they are certainly a sight to see. The late thirteenth-century portable mosaic icon representing forty martyrs, who stand nearly naked on a frozen lake rather than renounce their Christian faith, is a wonder of naturalistic modeling, a shallow space dense with human flesh. An elongated head of Saint John Chrysostom, made in Constantinople, recalls the ascetic intensity of one of El Greco's holy men. And Saint Demetrios, a delicate young man emboldened by his resplendent military garb, is a vision of youthful elegance and panache.

SOME OF THE GREATEST RICHES that Evans has brought together are to be found among the textiles, and museumgoers are likely to be startled by the extraordinary freshness of the colors in many of these works. They are inspiriting survivals of a lost world; you can almost smell six hundred years' worth of incense clinging to the densely worked fabric. Embroidery of one kind or another had a particular appeal in the Byzantine church, for it creates an adumbration and a complication of the surface, a buildup of silver and silver gilt threads that can give an effect closer to bas-relief than to painting. A liturgical standard with Saint George seated on a throne, made in Romania around 1500, does not feel embroidered so much as encrusted; the silk cloth is armored with the saint's image, and the variety of the stitchery has an almost coloristic power. The Byzantine embroiderers created works of great, almost barbaric showmanship that are vindicated by the delicacy of the craft. Two *sakkoi*, vestments worn by patriarchs on feast days, contain images of the Transfiguration and other scenes from the life of Christ and merge figures and decorative elements with a suppleness that brings to mind illuminated manuscripts. And when the *sakkoi* were worn by the patriarchs, the illuminations must have literally come to life, with each woven and threaded element shimmering in the dusky church.

If textiles stretch a museumgoer's sense of pictorial possibilities, an even greater challenge is posed by the revet-

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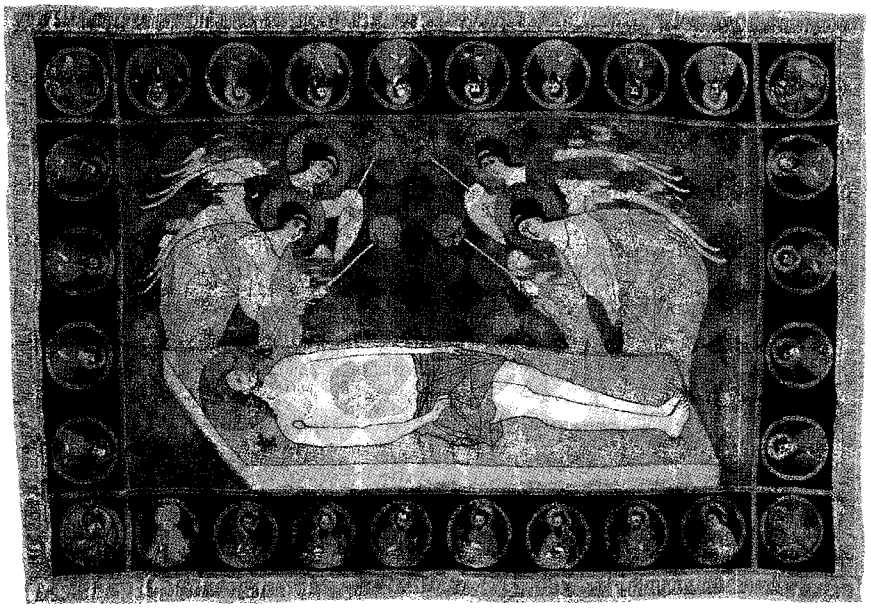
ments. These precious metal frames, with their figured surfaces that recall the arabesques on Oriental carpets, were designed to cover parts of an icon, so that, say, the Virgin and Child's faces were isolated from the supporting surface. The revetments have a hedonistic elegance; they suggest a kind of embroidery of metal. Writing in 1931 about a show of Russian icons at the Metropolitan Museum, Alfred H. Barr Jr., the director of the Museum of Modern Art, who had studied icons during a visit to Russia, said that many icons "suffered" from these metal enclosures, and you can see that Barr would have regarded the revetment as violating the purity of icon painting. Yet many of the revetments date from the height of icon painting in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and they remind us how much value was placed on the power of juxtaposition, of joining media to create startlingly luxuriant effects. A full understanding of the function and the meaning of the revetment, which can encircle the faces of the Virgin and Child in much the way that a reliquary contains an object related to a saint, might benefit from a look at twentieth-century controversies about the meaning of collage and assemblage. Just as the presence of pieces of wallpaper or newspaper in a picture by Picasso or Braque provokes reflections on the nature of the real in modern art, the revetment, which is made of real gold or real silver, complicates or enriches the worshipper's encounter with the reality of the Virgin and Child.



***Epitaphios of Prince Dmitrii Shemiaka*, Russia, fifteenth century**

WHILE "BYZANTIUM: FAITH and Power" provokes a great many thoughts about how pictures were made in particular times and places, the spirit of the show is so expansive, so much a matter of broad geographic perspectives and overlapping spheres of influence, that visitors will likely be overwhelmed, like travelers who have gone from Rome to Athens to Istanbul in the space of a few days. Obviously, an exhibit dedicated to the art of an empire will necessarily involve a complex choreography of far-flung locales; and there are abundant opportunities for both casual museumgoers and art historians to make connections and test a variety of hypotheses. Yet this show covers so much that I am left wondering if anybody but an expert will know exactly what is going on. And even some of the experts may not know what is going on except in their little corners. The catalogue is less of a help than it might have been. While some of the essays are excellent, and Evans's introduction is wide-ranging, all the interlocking themes could have been more forcefully pulled together. A show such as this should provide the opportunity not only for detailed analysis but also for the kind of broad thinking and bold assertion that is important for scholars and museumgoers alike. Evans does not situate this phase of Byzantine history in relation to earlier periods. And she discusses but does not push hard enough on one of the essential aspects of late Byzantine civilization, namely that artistic influences did not necessarily follow the flow of power in any clear or logical way, and that Byzantium's culture could be vibrant even as its temporal power was waning.

There are fashions in art-historical research as there are fashions in everything else, and this exhibition certainly reflects a general tendency in scholarly circles to emphasize the linkages between art done in geographically distinct or even remote areas, and to explain the connections through a study of trading patterns or political or social spheres of influence. There is no question that this is a welcome corrective to an older school of thought that emphasized the isolated object or artist or region; and in recent years we have surely seen a tremendous deepening in our sense of the artistic interdependency of the Mediterranean world, of northern and southern Europe, and indeed of Europe and Asia. But there is also a price in understanding to be paid for this ever-widening frame of reference. It is important to point out, I think, that such a perspective comes especially easily to contemporary historians and curators, who are so used to hopping a plane to London or Athens or Cairo that they begin to imagine that it was always so, even if the mode of transportation was a wagon and a mule. The globalist approach brings its own dangers to our comprehension of the past. Amid all the celebration of linkages, there is a danger of losing track of the fundamental fact that works of the imagination are made by particular people sitting in particular places at particular times—that all art is a question of what Donald Judd called "local history." To see the development of art in terms of sweeping connections can make the creative act appear too easy and too inevitable, a matter of networking things into being.

IF THE DANGERS OF SUCH AN approach need to be emphasized, it is especially important because this line of thinking has been carried to a high level of refinement at the end of the Metropolitan's exhibition, in a gallery devoted to the impact of Byzantine painting on fifteenth-century European painting, especially the work that was done in the

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north. This essentially freestanding show, organized by Maryan Ainsworth, a brilliant figure on the Metropolitan's staff, can be confounding for visitors, who are certainly not expecting this show to include some of the monuments of northern Europe's triumphant naturalism, among them Rogier van der Weyden's *Saint Luke Drawing the Virgin* from Boston, Jan van Eyck's *Madonna and Child With Saints* from the Frick, and a passel of small devotional images by Gerard David. Ainsworth's work in the catalogue, which is a model of disciplined art-historical thought, makes a powerful argument for the linkages of Byzantine images of the Virgin and Child and of Christ to northern painting.

Ainsworth points out that certain Byzantine icons developed a cult status in the north, and that some of them were even believed to have been painted by Saint Luke, which made them not only firsthand portrayals of the Virgin and Child but also works from the hands of the first Christian painter. There is evidence of connections and possible contacts between western artists, including Pisanello and van Eyck, and representatives of the eastern church. Ainsworth sees the Byzantine influence reflected in the intimate gestures of the Christ Child reaching out to his mother, as well as in the hieratic symmetry of certain representations of Christ. The idea that there were archaicizing tendencies mixed into the progressivist vision of Flemish painting is certainly not new, and Ainsworth makes a strong case for the conscious inclusion of these Byzantine undertones and echoes within Flemish naturalism. I expect that objections are going to be made to her thesis. I wonder if some of the gestures that she traces to Byzantium might not come through Gothic sculpture. But her ideas are certainly worth grappling with, and it is the rare museum that sponsors this kind of adventuresome scholarship.

As much as the first rooms of the exhibition highlight the Metropolitan's gift for stupendous visual theater, the closing gallery demonstrates the museum's extraordinary dedication to art-historical research. Taken as a whole, however, this thrilling exhibition does not really cohere. I was glad to see a series of early fourteenth-century carved wood panels from a church in Cairo; there is an exhilarating, almost Expressionist density about the narrative style here. But in the context of the show these panels register as a one-shot experience that is insufficiently anchored in a particular time and place. Not far from those Egyptian panels, Evans has included some drawings of Constantinople done by a Danish artist in the sixteenth century, perhaps with the thought of re-orienting museumgoers before they set off yet again, this time for northern Europe. Taken as a whole, "Byzantium: Faith and Power" has a bit of the flavor of a crazy road trip that races through Africa and Russia and Flanders and who knows where else. There is something like museological imperialism involved in this exhibition, with Evans making up her wish list and daring governments and religious orders to defy the Metropolitan. The power that we feel here is not just the power of Byzantium, it is also the power of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and there are moments when you feel it being thrown around a bit too much.

Evans and her team have worked hard to achieve the supercharged atmosphere that animates this exhibition, and the exhilaration that we feel is the real


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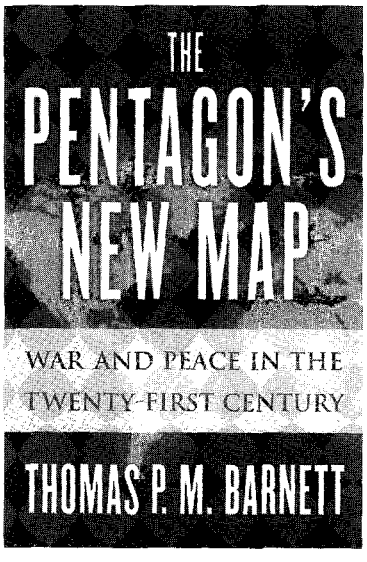


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thing, for here great objects are presented not only beautifully but also intelligently. If some museumgoers nevertheless suspect that the show promises far more than it delivers, or that it is really three or four shows awkwardly cobbled together, or that the groupings of icons from different areas begin to feel like teasers for more specialized exhibitions, this is because the Metropolitan, in maintaining what is probably the finest exhibition record in the world, has put the bar so high. If viewers find themselves wishing that the museum could exercise a certain spirit of moderation, this is only because we have come to expect everything from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At a time when most museums have turned into entertainment centers, there is literally nowhere else to look. ■

# *Jim Hoagland*
# Elasticity

**SOFT POWER: THE MEANS TO SUCCESS IN WORLD POLITICS**
**By Joseph S. Nye Jr.**
***(PublicAffairs, 191 pp., $25)***

**SURPRISE, SECURITY, AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE**
**By John Lewis Gaddis**
***(Harvard University Press, 150 pp., $18.95)***

SOFT POWER, OR SO THE DOCtrine goes, will set Americans free from misunderstanding, vilification, and the kind of determined opposition to American foreign policy that has marked the presidency of George W. Bush. We can and must "attract others to our side," and we can do this by better communicating America's true character and values to the world. The next president must seduce other governments and international institutions rather than bully them. If that does not work, take two aspirin and call Harvard tomorrow. By then it may be clearer what soft power is and how it will work.

Joseph S. Nye Jr., the Harvard professor who coined the wonderfully wispy term "soft power," has been elaborating and expanding on it for more than a decade. He presents his latest rendition in his new book, which by some quirk arrives just in time for the election campaign and a possible presidential transition in which Nye and his semantic creation could win an important role. Even if Bush wins, the idea of working more closely with other nations will be in vogue—under a more virile label, of course. Bush has already granted the United Nations a highly visible and "robust" role in choosing Iraq's interim government. He has put Donald Rumsfeld on a tight leash and told him to rile Old Europe no longer. Strident opposition from Arab and European governments to Bush's Greater Middle East Initiative has not met withering fire from the unilateralist trenches at the White House; the cries of outrage have instead been noisily taken into account and massaged into the American presentation for the Group of Eight summit a few weeks hence. Under the pressure of the re-election campaign and the reverses in Iraq, Bush is moving toward something that he did not have, or seem to want to have, in his first term: a genuinely diplomatic strategy for enlisting others to achieve the global change that he sees as necessary. The November elections will decisively alter the September 11 presidency over which it has been Bush's fate to preside.

But do not expect to see all this summarized on a bumper sticker for either party: Republicans are not going to be advertising revisionism, and Democrats are not going to stop clubbing Bush with unilateralism just because he is moving away from it. There will instead be the usual siren songs promising relatively easy solutions to excruciatingly difficult problems at home and abroad. It is in this light that Nye's new and not very improved version of "soft power" should be viewed and tested. The label has come to describe an alternative to a foreign policy that appears to many liberals and diplomats as an ideological aberration based in the rather un-American precepts of unilateralism, pre-emption, and hegemony.

Yet as John Lewis Gaddis points out in his splendid essay on the relationship between surprise attacks, American national character, and foreign policy, the principles of Bush's foreign policy—unilateralism and the rest—are not at all aberrant for America. They have a foundation in our history. They are also not working, Gaddis claims, in an argument that is all the more devastating for being scrupulously fair to, and perceptive about, the current administration. Gaddis treats the Bush National Security Strategy as a serious document and a respectable attempt to address the "national identity crisis" that Al Qaeda's attack on the United States has forced on Americans. But the Bush strategy, in his view, is failing to adjust to the very changes that it has produced.

The complex choices that Gaddis suggests must be involved in a new strategy will certainly not serve well as campaign fodder. They cannot be lumped together under some catchy "ism" or infinitely expandable appellation. They are in fact anchored in the experiences of our most talented multilateralist president, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who embedded American goals in a policy of international cooperation with a single submerged purpose: to reduce American costs in lives and treasure while advancing American interests.

THAT IS A GOAL THAT NYE evokes, too; but it is difficult to make out how he would get there. The intriguing aspect of his book lies in guessing how the next administration is supposed to carry out his prescriptions, and even what those prescriptions are. This is not because Nye writes unclearly—he does not. It is also not because his central notions defy reason or decency—they do not. They strike me as commonsensical and eminently desirable. And therein lies some of the problem.

Nye's book is essentially comparative political science focused on foreign policy. He is thus obliged to write at an abstract level about an already abstract subject. There is little point in baldly stating ideas that can be quickly grasped—say, that it is better to agree than to disagree, that we need friends in the world, and so on. The intellectual innovation of such a book must lie in making unexpected and intellectually challenging

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connections between disparate cases. In *Soft Power*, however, this leads to elastic concepts drawn from truisms that are then transmogrified beyond recognition. ("Globalization," incidentally, is a fine example of such a uselessly elastic concept. It came to the fore during the Clinton administration as a way of inviting and legitimating a certain style of glib thinking and writing.)

The subtitle of Nye's book promises "success in world politics," which suggests a Dale Carnegie–ish course on winning new global friends, or a national twelve-step program to end the addiction to unilateralism. But the book is not quite so practical. Nye is too agile and too balanced to get taken in by the hype that he has helped to generate. And he does not write from an ivory tower. He has held senior policy jobs in past Democratic administrations, and he will be on most lists for such jobs if his party manages to win both the election and the White House this time. At the Clinton Pentagon, he exerted a steadying influence in U.S.-Asian security relations. Political viability, in short, cannot be totally discounted as an influence on this text. And so there is at the core of *Soft Power*—the book and the concept—a disinclination to take up the hard and urgent foreign policy challenges and to explain in detail how an American commitment to advanced multilateralism would bring a resolution, say, of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, Russia's brutal war in Chechnya, Pakistan's determination to make itself the most dangerous spot on earth, and so on.

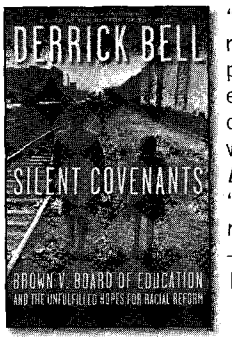
NYE IS A MUSCULAR CENTRIST in his politics. It was in defense of maintaining an effective American presence abroad that he originated the notion of soft power in his book *Bound to Lead: The Changing Nature of American Power*. At a time when "imperial overstretch" and "decline" were the buzzwords in the debate about the nature and the use of American power abroad, Nye defended the stationing of American troops abroad and noted that American defense spending was "only" about 6 percent of GDP. The United States had to use the cumulative effect of its cultural, political, and technological strengths—which Nye also called "intangible power" or "co-optive power"—to persuade rather than coerce others to want the same outcomes. Only being soft and intangible and co-optive could compensate for the fact that America was becoming "less powerful than it was at mid-century."

*Bound to Lead* was written in 1990, that is, on the cusp of the overwhelming military victory in the Gulf War, the formidable American diplomatic management of the end of the Cold War, and the start of a decade of astounding American economic productivity and prosperity—all of which turned upside down the situation for which soft power was created. History caught up with Nye's analysis with almost wicked alacrity. Thus Nye had written that using soft power rather than confrontation "would allow Soviet leaders to focus on domestic reform." This prescription was consistent with Nye's earlier judgment in the text that the Soviet Union "will enter the next century . . . about as prosperous and great as it is now." Except that it did not enter the next century at all.

The chimera of "soft" (which beat out "intangible" or "co-optive") power did better than Soviet communism. It survived into the Clinton administration, and with some tinkering it became part of the gospel of globalization and of Clintonism, which held that it was usually better to agree with other nations without insisting that the agreement be very deep or even real. "Enlargement and engagement," with its emphasis on opening global markets at the expense of state powers and making foreign policy an instrument of economic policy, was the national security strategy that prevailed while Osama bin Laden was plotting in Sudanese villas and then in Taliban Afghanistan's training camps. Soft power was essentially another version of the geo-economicism that predominated in the years in which the idea was articulated.

IN HIS NEW BOOK NYE REFERS TO his old one with pride, but he does not note—much less explain—that he has altered his view of what creates soft power. In 1990, his three main sources of soft power were American culture, international laws and institutions, and American multinational corporations. Two of those secret weapons have now dropped well down the list. Culture—in particular educational exchanges, "public diplomacy" (as government-run information programs are now known), and mass-market films and other media—still makes Nye's cut as an American resource for changing opinion abroad through the force of example or persuasion. But American political values

*Brown vs. Board of Education*
*50 Years Later*

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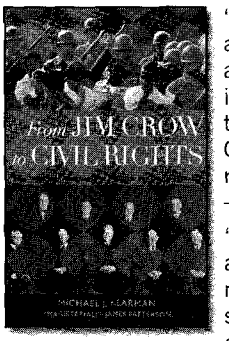


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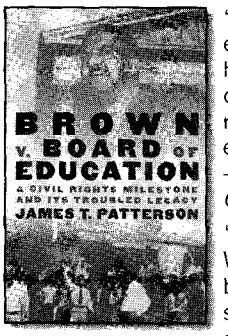


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(when, Nye warns, they are in fact honored in America) and American foreign policies ("when they are seen as legitimate and having moral authority") have somehow stormed ahead of McDonald's and Coca-Cola in Nye's worldview. It would be interesting to know why and how, but we are glided past that and much more.

Definition is all in this kind of exercise. Nye's book so stretches the definition of soft power, and so heavily conditions it, that the term comes to mean almost everything and therefore almost nothing. "Elasticity" is at once the great strength and the great weakness of soft power—and I take the working definition of elasticity to be the ability to persuade others to adopt the outcomes you want without the use of military or economic threats or force. It sounds delicious; but how, exactly, is it to be accomplished? Hollywood movies are one (uncontrolled) engine of soft power for the world's youth, though the same movies and television shows repel many of the political and religious establishments that are instrumental in getting the cooperation of other governments for specific vital interests. Peacekeeping troops are also an expression of soft power. The CIA's financial support of cultural organizations abroad amounts to soft power. So do the Internet and satellite television dishes. So does intelligence-sharing by the CIA and foreign secret services. (Really? Might Chile in 1973 suggest otherwise? Sorry. Readers are not cleared for that. Nye's text also glosses over the fact that the sharing of apparently flawed intelligence on Iraq not only happened but was a key element of what Nye calls "the exaggeration of intelligence for political ends." A senior French official recently told me that "we were in 85 percent agreement with the Americans" on Iraq's stockpiles of weapons of mass destruction. "The 15 percent concerned quantities and location, not existence.")

In the end, does soft power as it is propounded here amount to anything more than a focused strategy to change the contemporary image of the United States abroad? The evidence is scant, and often not relevant to America's strengths and weaknesses. Nye prominently cites the Vatican and Norway as nations that successfully use moral suasion to achieve their ends. He lauds the successful use of soft power to get Argentina to support the American diplomatic position on the Balkans. (I confess that the episode escapes my memory.) The multilateralism that Nye advocates for the United States is an already existing fact of life for most members of the United Nations—although, interestingly enough, Russia and China, the world's two other continental great powers, show no particular interest in or talent for soft power.

Nye's fundamental points are banal, and therefore undeniable. Empire is not America's fate. Americans are better off working with allies and the United Nations, and are being miserly by spending only one-tenth of 1 percent of GDP on foreign aid, given the huge American stake in keeping international markets and global commons such as the oceans open to all. To spend only $150 million on public diplomacy in Muslim countries and the meager sums Congress appropriates for the State Department's other tasks is self-defeating. And America's leaders do need to listen to others. Manners do matter.

All of this, again, is undeniable. But to be more useful, the expounding of these notions should lead to a more extended discussion, say, of how the United States can balance its obvious interests in educational exchanges, which bring foreign students to this country and encourage Americans to study abroad, against the post–September 11 visa restrictions that impede these exchanges. The treatment here is too summary and too general. Nor does the reader get much guidance from Nye about precisely how he would use effective communications to convince the Arab states to want the same outcome on Israel that "we" do, whoever the "we" is. (AIPAC probably has a different point of view than the Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs at the State Department.)

THE ALTERNATIVE TO NYE'S softness, of course, is not an unsophisticated and chest-thumping unilateralism. There are significant roots in American history for a smart multilateralism that is not at all allergic to the use of force. For this, we must return to Gaddis. It falls to our historians in times of crisis to explain important continuities that politicians, policymakers, journalists, and on-air personalities must rush past as they race to put a fleeting stamp or a memorable gloss on the day's events. Instinct and the force of a common history—what Michel Maffesoli calls *l'imaginaire*—dominate immediate responses to tragedy and threat in nations as well as individuals. Or as Gaddis puts it,

## Juggernaut

From the instant Aeschylus, an on-site
witness to the war, set down
*The Persians*, Greek

tragedy was born.
I'm drawn to a form where the worst is all
that can be counted on:

no bromides; no—relief: pure—is.
All the terrible night visions
that, piped into our sleeping heads, burst

and tear us out of sheet-soaked sleep
just before the wave breaks
were viciously precise,

and yet the less
than perfect lip-synching
with artificial stage-craft

to make the setting appear
more natural was
inconsequential

in contrast
to the whole, the brute
outer devastation

and its dark double
whose damage
done, being eternal, remains

immeasurable, immune
to any known words
other than—howl.

It's just begun, the dying; the denied carnage.
It's not enough to preview
silent prophetic mirages in dreams

that breed distress and distress in action.
What were the consequences?
Loss of face? Or mask?

**MARK RUDMAN**

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> Most nations seek safety in the way most animals do: by withdrawing behind defenses, or making themselves inconspicuous, or otherwise avoiding whatever dangers there may be. Americans, in contrast, have generally responded to threats—and particularly to surprise attacks—by taking the offensive, by becoming more conspicuous, by confronting, neutralizing, and if possible overwhelming the sources of danger rather than fleeing from them. Expansion, we have assumed, is the path to security.

So we assumed after British troops burned the White House and the Capitol in 1814, and so we assumed after Japanese aircraft bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. And so we assume now, invading Afghanistan and Iraq in the wake of September 11 and proposing a "generational commitment" to transform the Arab Middle East from a broken, backward breeding ground of terrorism into a community of democratic states. If this looks new and controversial, it is in large part because it is so old, and so consistent with American character, that we have banished it to the margins of our consciousness.

Gaddis reminds (or more likely informs) us that the United States would not exist today as a continental power if it had not employed unilateralism, preemption, and hegemony as tools of national policy well into the twentieth century. Bush 43, meet Adams 6. In 1793, John Quincy Adams, whom Gaddis plausibly describes as the "most influential American grand strategist of the nineteenth century," was already writing that only unilateralism—staying disconnected "from all European interests and European politics"—would guarantee "real independence" for the fledgling United States. Nor could the United States simply co-exist on equal terms with any other great power on the North American continent. That, Adams wrote in 1811, would create "an endless multitude of little insignificant clans and tribes at eternal war with one another for a rock, or a fish pond, the sport and fable of European masters and oppressors."

The shock of British troops marching into Washington on August 24, 1814 produced the need for a strategy of protection through expansion and the establishing of a preponderance of power, or hegemony, in the Western Hemisphere. Adams was equal to the task that fell to him. As secretary of state and then as president, he advocated and then approved pre-emptive strikes to protect America's still osmotic borders from the dangers presented by the collapse of Spain's colonial empire, especially in what would today be called the "failed state" of Florida. Other nineteenth-century presidents, including James K. Polk in annexing Texas, followed the pattern to greater and lesser degrees—as did Woodrow Wilson, who was willing to wage war in the belief that the survival of the United States lay in "teaching" the rest of the world how to elect "good men."

THE TRUE HERO OF GADDIS'S account is Roosevelt, who won World War II and set the mold for Cold War strategy by recognizing that the time had come to scrap unilateralism and pre-emption, which significantly raised the cost of victory to the side that fired the first shot. Roosevelt set out, as Gaddis remarks, to "encompass the pursuit of unilateral interests within a multilateral framework" so as to reduce the costs to the United States, cooly calculating that it was acceptable to have sixty Russians dying for every American killed in the war. Hegemony was "to arise by consent." This same ruthless focus carried through to the founding of the United Nations as a way of ensuring "predominance for the United States," and also to the Marshall Plan, certainly the most famous example of successful postwar multilateralism.

Under the doctrine of soft power, such success would rely on an American ability to persuade Europeans to accept our money and our tutelage on markets and democracy. But as Gaddis shows, the true object was to entrench the doctrine of containment: to anticipate Stalin's rejection of the invitation to participate in the Marshall Plan and thereby to get him "to build the wall behind which he would be contained." Soft power was decidedly ancillary in this grand strategic maneuver. It helped to foster the European fear that the continent faced "something worse" than American hegemony. But the end of the Cold War eliminated this advantage for the second Bush administration as it crafted its response to September 11 and threw together a strategy that heavily relied, consciously or other-

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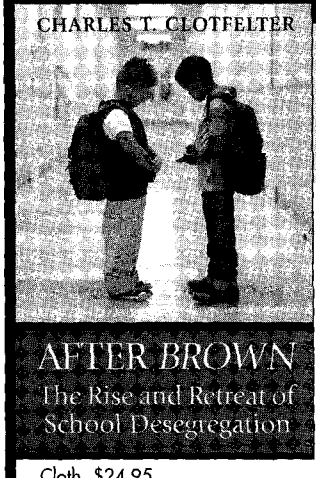


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wise, on John Quincy Adams and the rest of the pre-Roosevelt history of American foreign policy.

Gaddis is convincing in arguing that the Bush administration has paid a heavy price for sustaining momentum in the war on terrorism rather than consolidating its battlefield successes through a more focused, more Rooseveltian multilateralism. "Shock and awe are necessary departures from the normal," he observes. But "they become what's expected, and that undermines the element of surprise that makes such practices work in the first place. That's why good strategists know when to stop shocking and awing." And he continues: "The precedent John Quincy Adams set has at last produced what he warned against: an American government that deliberately goes abroad in search of monsters to destroy—lest those monsters attempt to destroy it."

The Adams legacy and the Bush strategy part company at this point. Gaddis leaves us early in this campaign season with a profound question to ponder, to which neither the doctrine of soft power nor the doctrine of hard power has any immediate or obviously workable answer: "What space is left for the American empire to expand into the next time there's a surprise attack?" The question deserves to haunt our every discussion of how we intend to win this anti-terrorist war. ■

*David A. Bell*

# Just Like Us

NAPOLEON: A POLITICAL LIFE
By Steven Englund
*(Scribner, 575 pp., $35)*

IN HIS *FOUNDATION* TRILOGY, Isaac Asimov imagined a future civilization in which the social sciences attain such sophistication that it becomes possible accurately to predict the future. A group called the "psycho-historians" apply the techniques to the Galactic Empire in which they live, and find, to their horror, that it will soon collapse. So they create a secret organization to carry out strategic interventions in the course of events—not to halt the collapse (it is too late for that), but to accelerate the rebirth of order and civilization out of a new Dark Ages. For a time, the organization carries out its plan with complete success. But then disaster strikes, in the form of a human mutant called the Mule, who uses sinister telepathic powers to carve out a new empire of his own. The psycho-historians initially react with consternation to this creature, whom they have failed so completely to foresee or to explain. It takes several hundred closely plotted pages for them to regroup, and to set the course of history back on its predetermined path.

I often think that modern historians react to Napoleon Bonaparte in much the way that Asimov's psycho-historians do to the Mule: as a freak of nature, endowed with sinister and superhuman powers, who fits into few accepted categories or theories. As a result, amazingly, they often ignore him altogether. To be sure, popular interest in the man remains great—in the past decade, biographies have appeared from major publishers at the rate of more than one per year, from Alan Schom's exhaustive and exhausting narrative to Paul Johnson's caustic and careless pencil sketch. Yet *The American Historical Review*, the flagship journal of the profession, has not devoted a single article to Napoleon in thirty years. Even in France he attracts relatively scant scholarly interest. Perhaps one can expect little else from a discipline that for many years has preferred the *longue durée* to the play of events, and large-scale impersonal forces to exceptional individuals, and history "from the bottom up" to history from the Napoleonic heights, and "microhistory" to epic narrative, and society and culture to diplomacy and war. Nor can Napoleon be said to have benefited from the profession's burgeoning interest in gender, race, class, and sexual orientation. He is the ultimate Dead White Rich Straight Male.

All these preconceptions make it difficult for historians to regard the sixteen years of Napoleon's rule, with their massive, bloody reshaping of the European order, as anything other than a giant historical deviation. Napoleon is arguably central to many stories of modernity: the advent of what Clausewitz, writing in his shadow, called "absolute war"; the rise of modern dictatorships and cults of personality; the development of militarism and nationalism (two words that first came into common currency in his period). But despite some heroic efforts on both sides of the Atlantic, most scholars have preferred to anchor their accounts of modern history in the democratic revolutions of 1776 and 1789, while leaving Napoleon's triumphs, disasters, and crimes largely in the hands of the popularizers.

STEVEN ENGLUND IS SOMETHING of a popularizer himself, but in the older and more estimable fashion of the man of letters. In *Napoleon*, he eschews close analysis and makes the sort of minor errors common to writers who have not pickled their brains in historical journals since early adulthood. Still, he has serious and suggestive points to make, and he makes them in a luminous prose that few professional historians can match. His book is by far the best of the recent batch of Napoleoniana, and the best biography currently available.

The subtitle, "A Political Life," is somewhat misleading. Englund presents the book as a study of how Napoleon crafted himself as a figure above petty party politics, strove to incarnate the French nation, and constructed a well-oiled, domineering state that has survived to the present day (which is to say, at least fifty years too long). In one of the brilliant quotations that Englund sprinkles generously throughout, he cites Balzac on this Napoleonic state: "The nosiest, most meticulous, most scribbling, red-tape mongering, list-making, controlling, verifying, cautious, and finally just the most cleaning-lady of administrations—past, present or future." (Its heritage, by the way, lives on not only in France, but everywhere that French models and the Napoleonic Code have penetrated, which is to say much of Europe, Latin America, and Africa.)

Yet this political story is a familiar one, and a book truly centered on it would be of limited interest. Fortunately Englund, who confesses disarmingly that he initially came to Napoleon through a boyhood love of lead soldiers, cannot resist actually focusing on Napoleon's personality, and on war, about which he has

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more original things to say. Indeed, his signal achievement is to cover these subjects in a way that highlights not only Napoleon's genius—that is, his freakish Mule-like qualities—but also his place in a larger European historical context. Without reducing Napoleon to a mere expression of impersonal historical forces, Englund suggests how a figure such as Bonaparte became possible.

ENGLUND STARTS WITH THE interesting observation that, among the great figures in history, Napoleon is one of the most accessible to us. This is so, I would suggest, for at least two reasons. For a start, unlike the cases of earlier conquerors such as Alexander, Caesar, or Charlemagne, we know almost everything about Napoleon's life. We know what he read as a child. We know what he dreamed of as an adolescent (he kept notes). We know what he did in bed with Josephine. We know what he ate on Saint Helena (and it does not look likely that arsenic was on the menu, Englund insists, despite the claims of some conspiracy theorists). We know his actions as a general and a ruler in minuscule detail. Indeed, far more is known about Napoleon than is possible for any single biographer to read—and that is without even mentioning the literally tens of thousands of scholarly articles and books on the subject.

Of course, we possess similar floods of information about later conquerors as well, Hitler and Stalin in particular. But with those men any sense of sympathy or identification is instantly short-circuited by our knowledge of their pathologies and their atrocities. Not so with Napoleon. No one would ever label him psychologically normal, and a modern tribunal would probably have little trouble convicting him of crimes against humanity—but it is almost impossible not to feel a connection with him. This is the man who, a moment after crowning himself emperor in Notre Dame in 1804, turned to his elder brother and whispered: "if only Daddy could see us now" ("*si Babbù ci vidi*"). It is the man whose love for the unfaithful Josephine overwhelmed him even as he was overwhelming northern Italy, spilling into letter after letter of soppy, painfully embarrassing, utterly human passion. It is the man who remained genuinely captivated by great literature all his life, and tried his hand at writing history, philosophy, political treatises, and even a sentimental novel. It is hard to read about Napoleon without wondering, if only for a moment, what it might have been like to lead his life. Small wonder that the surrounding history, when set next to the vibrant colors and sharp details of his portrait, starts to look fuzzy and wan.

The ability of ordinary people to identify with Napoleon was also the key to his success. Napoleon did try hard, on occasion, to craft an aloof and majestic image in keeping with his imperial title. Ingres's emblematic portrait from 1806 depicts him as a splendid but strangely lifeless icon: the face peeks out, stiff and pale, from between lace collar and laurel wreath, while a hand shoots up at an unnatural angle from under ermine robes to grasp a suggestively elongated scepter. But this sort of display, and the kitschy imperial court with its Ruritanian titles (Prince of Benevento, Duke of Ragusa), never had its intended effect. Napoleon was no Louis XIV, capable of awing subjects into respectful silence by a show of pure, self-confident, princely grandeur. If the French loved him—and they did, for a long time—it was because they saw him as one of their own, even after he became emperor. To them, he was still the "little corporal" who joked with his troops and shared their dangers; still the provincial upstart with the uncouth accent who deliciously forced the flower of the old aristocracy to bow and scrape before him; still the clever little boy who could never quite believe that he had grown up to conquer Europe.

For this reason, Napoleon remained, to the end, very much the egalitarian embodiment of the French Revolution. But as Englund grasps very well, he embodied something else, too. To the Europeans of his age, he seemed something like a character out of a novel, and indeed he understood himself in precisely this manner. "What a novel my life has been," he allegedly remarked on Saint Helena in 1816. The various aspects of his story and character—the picaresque twists of fortune, the lachrymose sentimentality, the constant self-questioning, the intense awareness of his own originality—might have been the product of some wild literary collaboration between Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe. Small wonder that he so bewitched the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century, from Stendhal through Hugo to Tolstoy.

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NAPOLEON, IN SUM, EMBODied a truly modern sensibility, and it was his genius to be able to translate that sensibility into political terms. As Englund reminds us, he was himself a powerful writer, a master of self-presentation. From his early moments campaigning in Italy, he founded newspapers to report back on his achievements to the French public. He penned his own military dispatches with such verve and suspense that, as Englund comments, "contemporaries ... enjoyed them for the serial novel that they were." Even—especially—in exile, he dictated his reminiscences with such force and pathos that the *Memorial of Saint Helena* became one of the best-sellers of the century. He knew, in short, how to address himself to millions of followers in a modern language so as to create a bond that was both strikingly powerful and intimately personal. "What a pity," Valéry, who recognized the emperor's literary abilities, once remarked, "to see a mind as great as Napoleon's devoted to trivial things such as empires, historical events, the thundering of cannons and of men." Englund quotes Valéry, and then, at the end of his book, answers him: "Napoleon chose to 'write' his novel on the world, not on paper."

Napoleon's modern sensibility even had its echoes on the battlefield. Before the French Revolution, aristocratic generals commanding relatively small armies of expensively trained professional soldiers had tended toward cautious campaigning. France's most celebrated soldier of the eighteenth century, the Maréchal de Saxe, once observed that he did not really believe in battles, and thought skillful commanders could win wars simply by outmaneuvering their opponents. He and his fellow nobles fought for limited political aims against adversaries whom they considered honorable equals. The French Revolution swept away this sort of warfare, unleashing huge conscript armies, toppling regimes left and right, and making it incumbent on commanders not merely to outmaneuver but to annihilate their enemies.

Napoleon, despite his training under the Old Regime, grasped the essence of this new sort of war more quickly and more completely than anyone else. As Englund suggests, it resonated on the deepest level with his character and his cultural outlook. Discussing Napoleon's aristocratic opponents, Englund comments that "war was their métier, not their self-expression and their meaning ... not their titanic personal struggle, the imposition of their very selves." For Napoleon, possessed of a keen, novelistic sense of the self, war was exactly such an act of expression. He was never so alive as when he was throwing everything into battle with a gambler's verve, praying that large, dispersed bodies of men would come together in just the right place at just the right time. At the battle of Marengo, in 1800, he famously succeeded, but it was, as the Duke of Wellington would later say about Waterloo, "a close run thing." At one point in the fray Napoleon sent the despairing message to General Desaix, "For God's sake, come up if you still can"—and Desaix did, dying heroically in the process. The resulting victory secured northern Italy for France, and Napoleon's place at the head of the French state. At Waterloo, an older Napoleon commanded more falteringly, and the dice rolled out a different number. But the legacy of his wars, and the notion that the modern personality can be fully tested and expressed only on the battlefield, hung heavily over the next century, and played its part in bringing about the horrors of the World War I trenches. For Napoleon and his followers, war was a "total" experience in a way that it had not been for his aristocratic predecessors.

IT IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISING THAT Napoleon's modern sensibility has attracted so little attention from the recent crop of biographers. But then, while modern, it is not quite our own sensibility. Like most French Romantic fiction, it is too mawkish and grandiloquent, too lacking in irony, for contemporary tastes. Little surprise that Napoleon's recent chroniclers have mostly been military buffs such as Robert Asprey, interested in the man of action, or ideologues such as Paul Johnson, who want to see in Napoleon a forerunner of modern totalitarian horrors.

Englund has a romantic streak of his own, which allows him to grasp what the others have missed. To see this streak, one need only read the book's opening scene, a description of Napoleon's tomb at the Invalides:

> Visiting Les Invalides is like visiting the Lincoln Memorial: amid all the funereal marble and the airless geometric space, *something is alive*.... The imperial sarcophagus is a costly slab of reddish porphyry—a hard and expensive crystalline rock—that is sculpted like a wave, a shape cut from a continuum: dense and heavy, frozen in stone yet eternally cresting. The stone is unexpectedly, almost shockingly, flesh-colored.... It is livid and living, the color of a flayed chest in an autopsy, exposing a raw, still-beating heart.... Most present in this place is the awe-evoking sense of human *possibility*, which is a different thing from hope. The wave of this tomb becomes a sleigh that will carry us off into an unknown future, even if only a hundred days' worth.

Throughout the book, as he follows the familiar path from Corsican boyhood to Parisian triumph to lachrymose South Atlantic exile, Englund gives us many more such set pieces (although none quite so brilliant) depicting the various decisive moments of Napoleon's career. Critics may object that these passages come close to reproducing Napoleonic propaganda, but Englund has an answer for them.

> Consider David's portrait of Bonaparte crossing the Alps on a sleek, light gray charger in 1800. "Wrong," some say, "propaganda! He crossed the St. Bernard Pass on a mule, and he was wrapped in furs, without a flowing red cape." Not all people naïvely believe David depicted literal reality; rather they understood that there are literal and metaphorical truths.

The prose of the introduction, lushly appealing as it is, does stray dangerously close to the cliff's edge of sheer melodrama. An entire book's worth of it would be unreadable. But generally Englund employs a more conversational tone, and he makes good use of a dry wit. On the Austrian re-occupation of northern Italy in the late 1790s: "It was enough to make

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the Italians miss the French (at least until they returned)." On Napoleon's seizure of absolute power: "At a public reading of the new constitution, a woman was reported asking her neighbor what it all meant. She replied: 'It means Bonaparte.' " Or, quoting Napoleon himself on the same subject: "Moving into the Tuileries [Palace] isn't everything. You have to stay there." Moreover, the tart and sardonic tone does not simply serve to entertain. It also provides a frame against which to highlight the full, sentimental flood of Napoleon's own writings, which Englund quotes at luxuriant length. In one of the best passages of the book, he sets the scene for the *coup d'état* of the eighteenth Brumaire:

> At the end of his life, Bonaparte got off a line—the valediction of his will, hence his last public utterance—which reads thus: "The love of glory is like the bridge that Satan built across Chaos to pass from Hell to Paradise: glory links the past with the future across a bottomless abyss." But in autumn 1799, Bonaparte had not yet reached either Paradise or Hell, he was only contemplating the Republic of France from the quarter deck of the frigate *La Muirón*, as it hove into view in the port of Fréjus.

Overall, Englund's prose, and, yes, his romanticism, allow him to take Napoleon's "metaphorical truths" seriously, and therefore to appreciate a quality that was central to the Napoleonic experience, but which has virtually disappeared from contemporary political life, namely, grandeur.

BUT ALAS, METAPHORICAL TRUTHS sometimes conflict with literal ones, and grandeur has a tendency to inspire adulation instead of analysis. When it comes to Napoleon, some admittedly go much more deeply and disastrously in this direction than Englund, notably French Interior Minister Dominique de Villepin, whose recent study of the Hundred Days whipped past straight hero-worship into the furthest reaches of hagiography. Englund, too, cannot always resist undue admiration, and has a tendency to minimize the uglier side of Napoleon's rule: the internal repression; the criminal sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of soldiers to little purpose; the savage quelling of revolts across Europe.

True, Napoleon locked up relatively few political opponents, and he remained genuinely popular for much of his rule. He was not a totalitarian so much as the last of the great Enlightened despots, with newly efficient systems of censorship and internal espionage. But to say, as Englund does, that Napoleon "only" faced resistance to his rule "under special conditions in Calabria, Spain, and the Tyrol" is rather like saying that Lyndon Johnson "only" faced resistance to his foreign policy in Vietnam. Spain in particular, as Napoleon himself acknowledged, was his empire's bleeding ulcer. The war there from 1808 to 1814 not only popularized the term "guerrilla," it gave the world the modern phenomenon. Spanish partisans ambushed French soldiers, destroyed French outposts, waylaid French convoys, and then melted back into the general population. The French army tried desperately to contain them, but its expeditions had no more effect than "plowing furrows in water," as one frustrated French officer put it. In desperation, he and his colleagues turned to increasingly cruel means of repression: forcing Spanish peasants into towns, taking and executing hostages, even wiping out whole villages in reprisal for attacks. The war pinned down hundreds of thousands of French soldiers who might have saved Napoleon from disaster elsewhere (say, Russia), confirmed for much of world opinion his reputation as the "Corsican Ogre," and, most importantly, irreparably punctured his image as unbeatable. The episode deserves more attention than the scant four pages that Englund devotes to it.

In general, Englund is weakest on this period, the last years of the empire, when exhaustion and disease took their toll on Napoleon, and the metaphorical truths of grandeur vanished under the chill waves of a remorseless reality. The epic calamity of the Russian campaign of 1812, which cost nearly a million lives to little purpose, gets no more space than Spain. The awakening of German resistance to Napoleon, and the fateful exposure of Germany to the idea of absolute war, flits by with similar speed. Part of the problem—beyond the understandable exhaustion any biographer incurs in following Napoleon through his labors—is that Englund's own expertise is largely confined to France and Italy. Once Napoleon's principal theater of operations moved beyond their borders, he becomes notably less sure of himself. As a result, the book rushes from the triumphant harmonies of Austerlitz to the plangent violin solo of Saint Helena, while largely missing the thundering chorus of Russia (the *1812 Overture*, so to speak). The omissions may not bother patriotic French readers, but most others will find themselves wishing for an additional hundred pages of Nemesis.

Still, this is an enthralling work. Not only does it present Napoleon in the vivid detail he deserves, it also begins to suggest how to fit him back into the broad sweep of European history—in other words, how to avoid treating him as a Mulish freak. It helps us to see that Napoleon succeeded because, embodying a modern novelistic sensibility, he managed to create a personal, intimate bond between mass politics and ordinary citizens. He put a human face on mass politics in a way that the French Revolutionaries, with their cold and high abstractions, had failed to do. As Madame de Staël justly remarked, "The only new proper noun to come out of the Revolution is Bonaparte." He did not rise above politics so much as incarnate politics, the state, and the nation in a personality with which ordinary French people could identify. Unfortunately, for all his state-building talent, he built his regime on police repression rather than democratic institutions, and he legitimized it through the promise of conquest rather than free elections and the guarantee of human rights. When his conquests finally faltered, his regime blew away like dust, and his country resumed the wild and violent dance of political instability that had begun in 1789 and would last until well into the late nineteenth century (with echoes in the twentieth). This makes Napoleon's story criminal. But, as Englund shows, the story is also tragic—all the more so because it comes across to modern readers as so intensely human. ■

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## SACRAMENTO DIARIST

# State on a Hill

IN THE SCHOOLS I ATTENDED growing up here, students approached California history with a pride and diligence that, in other places, is reserved only for God—or possibly football. From our earliest days, we were taught that California is an exceptional state, the vanguard of the nation. Elementary school was a barrage of field trips meant to reinforce this ideal. We went to the state Capitol, where governors, such as Hiram Johnson, returned democracy to the people; to Sutter's Mill, where the discovery of gold set off the first California boom; and even to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where the ill-fated Donner Party, en route to Sacramento from Missouri in 1846, was stranded by a snowstorm only miles from safety, proving to us credulous kids that people will eat their relatives to get to the Golden State—literally.

ONCE UPON A TIME, IT WASN'T JUST schoolchildren who subscribed to this myth. The rest of the country did, too. For half a century, in everything from the suburban iconography of the 1950s to the dot-com boom of the 1990s, California lived up to Wallace Stegner's description as "America, only more so." But no longer. In recent years, California has come to represent a place, and a mindset, decidedly more apocalyptic. Urban riots, bankrupt governments, power outages—not to mention the floods, fires, mudslides, earthquakes, and mountain lions that keep killing people—have all contributed to a new conventional wisdom: California is dysfunctional.

EARLIER THIS YEAR, I TOOK A PERSONAL field trip to the National Museum of American History in Washington and discovered, next to a sober exhibit on cargo pallets, the "California" room—a mess of strobe lights, televisions, rap music, and fast-action footage of traffic and people eating sushi. A huge satellite photo highlights the major landmarks of Southern California—most of them freeways. Even worse than viewing California as dysfunctional, many now simply dismiss it. The "future once happened there," *The Weekly Standard* declared in 2000. "No more." Last year, *The Economist* called it "the left-out coast." The election of Arnold Schwarzenegger in October seemed only to confirm this perception. In the wake of the recall, one Florida—Florida!—columnist pronounced Californians "certifiably insane."

MUCH OF THIS TALK IS AS SILLY AS the dialogue in an Arnold movie—an *early* Arnold movie. For all the prophesies of doom that accompanied the recall, Schwarzenegger has actually returned some shine to the Golden State. Elected in farce, he has governed in prosaic moderation. Six months into his tenure, Schwarzenegger has already reduced the car tax, signed a workers' compensation agreement, and is close to a deal to reap more money from Indian gambling tribes. His bond and spending-cap initiatives, which passed overwhelmingly in March, will not, as he suggested, "get rid of the $22 billion inherited debt," but they do simplify state finances. Just as impressive, most of these measures were passed with—and sometimes solely because of—Democratic support.

TO BE SURE, THIS BIPARTISANSHIP WILL now be tested by a $12 billion budget deficit that Schwarzenegger wants to close only by reducing spending. Such a plan would involve precisely the "Armageddon cuts" that the governor promised the state could avoid in March. That's why the latest rumor is that Schwarzenegger will agree to a modest, sunsetted tax increase to close the gap. Such a move would infuriate the GOP, but it would not be unprecedented. Another California Republican, newly arrived in Sacramento from Los Angeles and facing a similar deficit in 1967, did exactly the same thing: Ronald Reagan.

SCHWARZENEGGER HAS ALREADY taken one cue from the Gipper. In his rhetoric and style, the governor evinces a sunny optimism the state hasn't seen from a Republican in decades. California's last GOP governor, Pete Wilson, famously dissed the state in 1992 as a "bad product." Schwarzenegger, by contrast, vows to be its number-one salesman. Gloomy social conservatism is out. Pump-it-up government is in. Everything, in Arnold's phraseology, is "fantastic."

BUT I SUSPECT SCHWARZENEGGER HAS his eye on a bigger prize: the national GOP. Over the years, California Republicans have missed many opportunities to remake the national party. In the late '80s, then-Senator Wilson coined the term "compassionate conservatism" to describe his politics, only to forsake it later for anti-immigrant demagoguery. In the early '90s, when a seat suddenly opened in the U.S. Senate, the short list to fill the vacancy included a young Stanford professor named Condoleezza Rice. Wilson, then governor, passed her over for a white male Republican, John Seymour, who promptly lost the following November. Republicans had not won a top-of-the-ticket race in California since Wilson until Arnold came along. His outsized brand of celebrity politics hints at a GOP that delivers on the compassion, woos minorities, works with Democrats—and wins elections in liberal states. Imagine that. A steroids-dropping, orgy-participating purveyor of violence putting the Republicans on the path to righteousness.

INDEED, CALIFORNIA STILL AUGURS the American future. The rest of the country is only beginning to make sense of the two decades of pluralism in this state, where 40 percent of residents speak a language other than English at home. This diversity has caused turmoil, but it has also been vital, and not just in a liberal, platitudinous sense. California's multicolored workforce is one of the most productive in the country. More than $300 billion in Pacific Rim trade flows through the state's ports. And Chinese and Indian engineers run one-quarter of all technology companies in Silicon Valley. California remains the land where the American mythologies of individualism, assimilation, and entrepreneurship are confirmed. It is the digital update to Joan Didion's observation that "things had better work here, because here ... is where we run out of continent." Not to mention chai. **JOSH BENSON**

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# Nothing New about Outsourcing

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Outsourcing—the subject of intense controversy this election year—is blamed for the loss of jobs in the United States, but outsourcing should be nothing new to Americans. **The founding and development of America is the result of English outsourcing in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.**

James I was crowned king of England in 1603. At that time his fledgling nation of some 4.2 million people was beginning to compete with its more populous, wealthy, and powerful Spanish and French rivals. A century later, England was able to challenge France and Spain for control of the New World. By 1764, England had defeated both France and Spain in North America and controlled the Atlantic Coast inland to the Appalachian Mountains. A century later, England had become the world's dominant commercial and military power. Its rise from precarious island nation to global giant followed its outsourcing of people and production to America.

By 1682, with the founding of Pennsylvania, England controlled twelve colonies along the Atlantic Coast and others in Canada and the Caribbean. The outsourcing of free and indentured migrants who made up the first generation and subsequent waves of settlers, increased from 350 in 1610 to more than a quarter million in 1700, passing two million in 1770. The military contributions of the colonists helped England eliminate the threats from France and Spain in North America.

**English outsourcing of several economic activities was productive for both the colonies and the mother country.** The Crown forbade the growing of tobacco in England, granting a monopoly to Virginia planters that provided the means of livelihood in the most populous colony as well as substantial customs revenue for the English government. The colonists supplied furs, foodstuffs, and iron to English consumers and manufacturers. In the late seventeenth century, England granted bounties for white pine trees that produced masts and bowsprits for English vessels, freeing England from dependence on unreliable Baltic countries. Payments were also granted for pitch, tar, potash, rice, indigo, and silk, which generated jobs and income in many of the colonies. English capital helped underwrite the expansion of agriculture and other productive colonial activities. English insurance underwrote shipping ventures. Royal Navy protection of American shipping stimulated a large shipbuilding industry in New England, such that a third of all English-owned vessels were eventually built in the colonies.

In turn, colonial America provided a market for a steadily growing, broad range of English manufactured goods, helping to alleviate unemployment in England and contributing to England's overseas earnings. Colonial purchases of English products grew in importance throughout the eighteenth century. Upon the conclusion of the French and Indian War in 1763, England viewed the American colonies more as markets for its goods than as sources of supply for its consumers. Although the two countries ultimately split over the issue of taxation, outsourcing was clearly beneficial for both peoples.

*—Alvin Rabushka*

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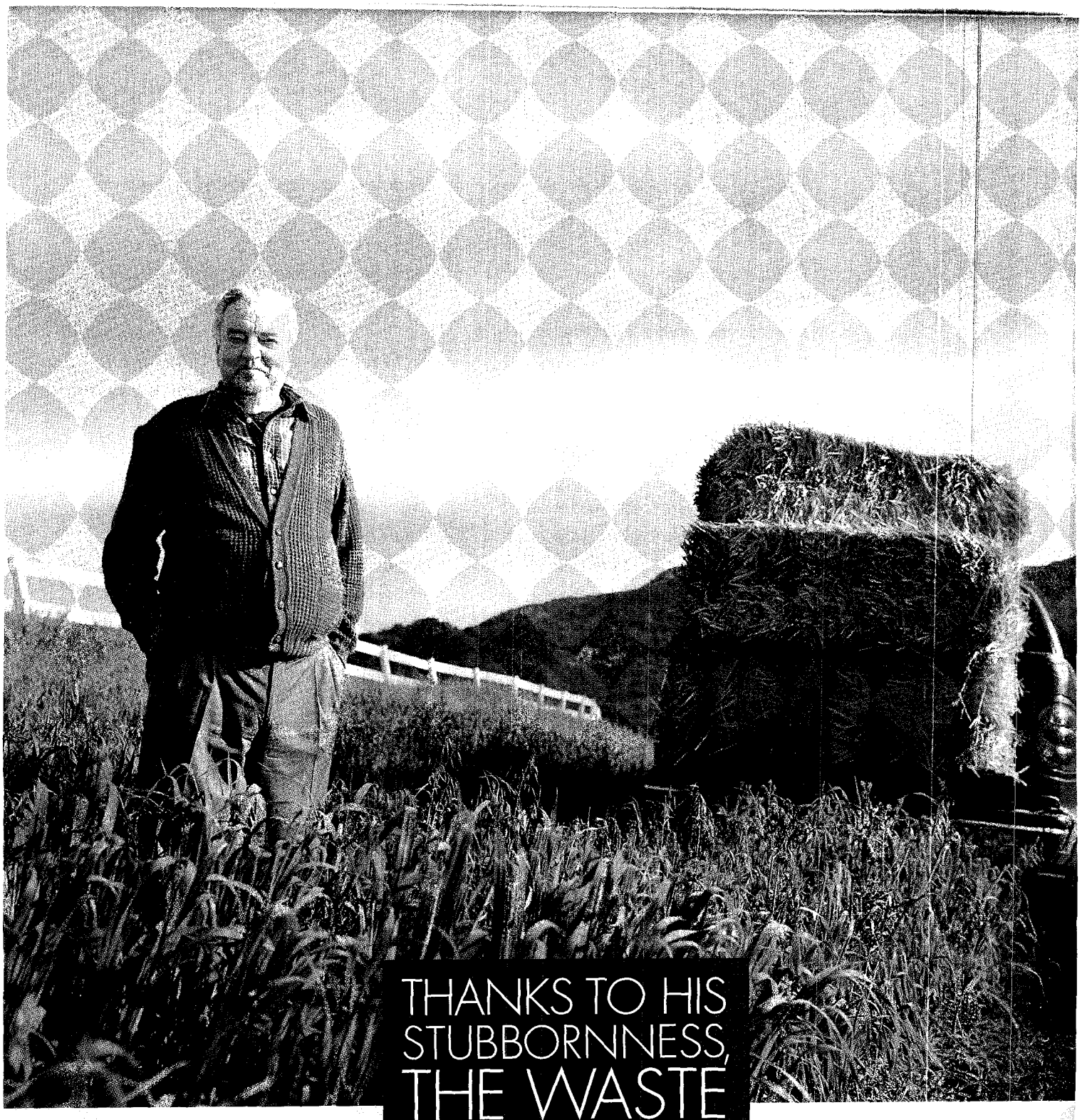

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